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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GALVANISM.

"*Nil actum reputans si quid restaret agendum.*"

"Whilst wealth supplies the source from whence our conveniences spring, our superior "enjoyments must flow from Science; the elegance of life must be derived from the cul- "tivation of Taste; and these alone can be attained by Education."

ALDERSON'S *Speech to the Literary Society of Hull.*

THE experiments detailed by Mr. Professor Davy, in the paper presented to the Royal Society in 1807, on the *Agencies of Galvanism,* in the decomposition of saline bodies, as well neutral as earthy, were abundantly sufficient to lead us to suspect the justness of our previous modes of chemical theorising; since they appeared unequivocally to demonstrate that the very formation of every chemical compound depended solely on the state of the materials of which they were composed, with respect to electricity. Mr. Bennett was the first who suggested the idea that electrics were substances chemically combined with electricity—as limestone is lime chemically combined with carbonic acid; and that when saturated, any additional portion simply adheres to their surface: whereas conductors, on the other hand, attach to their surface electricity less strongly. Whence it would seem that all the bodies of nature might be classed under one head, and all called electrics; the most perfect conductors of electricity being such as had the least affinity for electricity, and the best electrics the greatest.

Since the experiments alluded to, and already detailed, this Chemist has made this extensive field of research almost exclusively his own. In his paper read in November 1808, he stated his success in decomposing the fixed alkalies, of which Mr. Parkes gives the following account.

"In the first attempts which Mr. Davy made for the decomposition of the fixed alkalies, he entirely failed, in consequence of his having acted upon their aqueous solutions only. He afterwards used potash in a state of igneous fusion, and acted upon it by an

electric power, which was produced from a galvanic battery of 100 plates of six inches square, highly charged. Here some brilliant phœnomena were produced. A most intense light and a column of flame were exhibited, which seemed to be owing to the developement of combustible matter; and when the order was changed, so that the alkali was brought in contact with the negative side of the battery, aëriform globules, which inflamed in the atmosphere, rose through the potash. Being, however, unable to collect the products of decomposition by this means, he had then recourse to pure potash in its usual state, and depended on electricity alone for its fusion, as well as its decomposition.

"A small piece of pure potash, moistened a little by the breath, was placed upon an insulated disc of platina, connected with the negative side of a battery consisting of 100 plates of six inches, and 150 of four inches square, in a state of intense activity; and a platina wire, communicating with the positive side, was brought in contact with the upper surface of the alkali. Under these circumstances a vivid action soon commenced. The potash began to fuse at both its points of electrization, and small globules having a high metallic lustre, and precisely similar in visible characters to quicksilver, appeared, some of which burnt with explosion and bright flame. These globules, which appear to be metallic, are the basis of potash, that alkali being composed of this peculiar base and oxygen only.

"Soda, when acted upon in the same manner, exhibited an analogous result, and these effects equally took place in the atmosphere, and when the alkali was acted upon in the vacuum of an exhausted receiver; but these globules could not in either case be produced from *crystallized* alkalies. When a globule of the base of potash was exposed to the atmosphere, it immediately attracted oxygen, and a white crust formed upon it, which proved to be pure potash. When the globules were strongly heated, and then suspended in oxygen gas, a rapid combustion with a brilliant white flame was produced, and these metallic globules were converted to an alkali, whose weight greatly exceeded that of the combustible matter consumed.

"When Mr. Davy had thus detected the bases of the fixed alkalies, he had considerable difficulty to preserve and confine them, so as to examine their properties and submit them to experiments. He found, however, at length, that in recently distilled naphtha they may be preserved many days, and that their physical properties may be easily examined in the atmosphere, when they are covered by a thin film of it.

"The basis of potash, at 60° Fahrenheit, is only imperfectly fluid: at 70° it becomes more fluid; and at 100° its fluidity is perfect, so that different globules may be easily made to run into one. At 50° it becomes a soft and malleable solid, which has the lustre of polished silver; and at about the freezing point of water it becomes harder and brittle, and when broken in fragments exhibits a crystallized texture, of perfect whiteness and high metallic splendour.

"To be converted into vapour, it requires a temperature approaching that of the red heat. It is an excellent conductor of heat, and a perfect conductor of electricity.

"Resembling the metals in all these properties, it is, however, remarkably different from any of them in specific gravity; for it will not sink in double distilled naphtha, whose specific gravity is only .770, that of water being considered as 1.000. Mr. Davy has determined by experiment that its specific gravity is to that of mercury as 10 to 223, which gives a proportion to that of water nearly as 6 to 10; so that it is the lightest fluid body known. When this substance is introduced into oxymuriatic acid gas, it burns spontaneously with a bright red light, and muriate of potash is formed. When thrown upon water, it decomposes it with great violence, an instantaneous explosion is produced with brilliant flame, and a solution of pure potash is the result. When a globule is placed upon ice, not even the solid form of the two substances can prevent their union; for it instantly burns with a bright flame, and a deep hole is made in the ice, which is found to contain a solution of potash. When a globule is dropped upon moistened turmeric pa-

per, it instantly burns, and moves rapidly upon the paper, as if in search of moisture, leaving behind it a deep reddish brown trace. So strong is the attraction of the basis of potash for oxygen, that it discovers and decomposes the small quantities of water contained in alcohol and ether, even when they are carefully purified. When thrown into the mineral acids, it inflames and burns on the surface. In sulphuric acid, sulphate of potash is formed; in nitrous acid, nitrous gas is disengaged, and nitrate of potash formed. When brought in contact with a piece of phosphorus, and pressed upon, there is a considerable action: they become fluid together, burn, and produce phosphate of potash. When a globule is made to touch a globule of mercury about twice as large, they combine with considerable heat; the compound is fluid at the temperature of its formation; but when cool, it appears as a solid metal, similar in colour to silver. If this compound be exposed to air, it rapidly absorbs oxygen; potash which deliquesces is formed; and in a few minutes the mercury is found pure and unaltered. When a globule of the amalgam is thrown into water, it rapidly decomposes it with a hissing noise, potash is formed, hydrogen disengaged, and the mercury remains free. The basis of potash readily reduces metallic oxides when heated in contact with them. It decomposes common glass by a gentle heat, and at a red heat effects a change even in the purest glass.

" In his experiments on soda, Mr. Davy has discovered that its base, like that of potash, is white, opaque, and has the lustre of silver. The property of welding, which belongs to iron and platina, at a white heat only, is possessed by this substance at common temperatures. It is very similar, in its more obvious properties to the base of potash; but it has greater specific gravity, being to that of water nearly as nine to ten, or as .9348 to 1.0000. In oxygen gas it produces a white flame, and sends forth bright sparks, occasioning a very beautiful effect. In oxy-muriatic acid gas it burns vividly, with numerous scintillations of a bright red colour. In the quantity of one-fortieth, it renders mercury a fixed solid, of the colour of silver, and forms an alloy with tin. When amalgamated with mercury, the amalgam will combine with other metals. Mr. Davy tried this with iron and platina, and had reason to believe that these latter metals remain in combination with the mercury, even when deprived of the new substance by exposure to the air.

" The whole of the sixth chapter of this very interesting paper is occupied with the detail of several curious and ingenious experiments to ascertain the proportions of the bases and oxygen in the two fixed alkalies; from whence he concludes that 100 parts of potash consist of about 84 basis, and 16 oxygen; and 100 parts of soda consist of about 76 or 77 basis, and 24 or 23 oxygen; or that potash may be considered as consisting of about 6 parts basis, and 1 of oxygen; and soda of 7 basis, and 2 oxygen.

" In reply to the question, whether the bases of potash and soda should be called metals, it may be said that they agree with metals in opacity, lustre, malleability, conducting powers as to heat and electricity, and in their qualities of chemical combination. Even their low specific gravity does not appear a sufficient reason for making them a new class; for amongst the metals themselves there are remarkable differences in this respect, platina being nearly four times as heavy as tellurium; and tellurium is not much more than six times as heavy as the bases of soda. Conceiving the bases of the two fixed alkalies to be metals, Mr. Davy has named one Potasium, and the other Sodium; adopting that termination which, by common consent, has been applied to other newly-discovered metals.

" On an examination of the volatile alkali, and after a great number of complex and tedious experiments, Mr. Davy saw reason to conclude that ammonia contains oxygen as an essential ingredient, and that this cannot well be estimated at less than 7 or 8 parts in the hundred. After making some general remarks on the preceding facts, he suggests the probability that the muriatic, fluoric, and boracic acids all contain oxygen as one of their constituent

principles. The earths of barytes and strontian, as being analogous to the alkalies, were likewise examined, and both yielded oxygen.

Additional and Miscellaneous Remarks.

When two different metallic solutions were introduced into a bent tube, so that each occupied one moiety of the curved tube, and they had a common point of contact in the middle, (the solutions being of different colours, as acetite of lead, and nitrate of silver, rendered this more obvious,) on presenting both into one and the other solution successively, it was found, on completing the galvanic circle, that in both instances there was a deposition of revived metal.

Davy apprehends that in consequence of the constant energy of the galvanic influence, which seems scarcely a single instant in a state of equilibrium in bodies, the varied phœnomena attendant upon earthquakes, volcanoes, water-spouts, &c. will find a ready solution.

Some are of opinion that the galvanic influence is the medium between matter and mind, and that therefore its powers in paralysis, where no organic læsion occurs, are obvious; and in cases of extravasated fluids it would, it is thought, be injurious, by increasing extravasation. The continental practitioners condemn the practice.

"When we recollect what numbers have been infatuated by the supposed virtues of the *metallic tractors*; when we consider how universal the delusion spread by *Mesmer* and his followers; when we reflect how credulity has been imposed upon by the tricks of charms and magic, and how readily the mind grasps at any novelty which promises advantage to the human frame; we are furnished with abundant ground for doubting many assertions made by physiologists on this subject," says Sylvester. Nevertheless the effects of Galvanism, in resuscitating such animals as are deprived of life, has presented to the physiologist a novel and most important agent, whose powers appear, above all others, to be capable of exciting the most latent spark of vitality, and of fanning it into actual existence.

"Electricity, when strongly communicated to insulated animal bodies, is said to quicken the pulse, and increase perspiration. The growth of vegetables is also said to be quickened by electricity. A charged jar contains at the same time a plenum of electricity, and a vacuum of the same fluid. It has not been found that the electric shock occupies the smallest sensible space of time in being transmitted to the greatest distances. The electric shock, as also the common spark, displaces the air through which it passes; and if its passage from conductor to conductor be interrupted by such conductors, it will rend and tear them to pieces in its passage, if of moderate thickness."—See page 10, of Cuthbertson's Electricity.

"The galvanic influence which has passed through and excited contractions in one limb, may be made to pass through and excite contractions in another limb. In performing this experiment, it is necessary to attend to the following circumstance:—Let two amputated limbs of a frog be taken; let one of them be laid upon a table, and its foot be folded in a piece of silver; let a person lift up the nerve of this limb with a silver tube, and another person hold in his hand a piece of zinc, with which he is to touch the silver, including the foot; let the person holding the zinc in one hand, catch, with the other, the nerves of the second limb, and he who touches the nerve of the first limb is to hold in his hand the foot of the second; let the zinc now be applied to the silver including the foot of the first limb, and contractions will be immediately excited in both limbs."—*Priestly*.

When a metallic wire from the plate at the top of the column, and another from that at the bottom, are united in a tube containing water, ammonia, alcohol, &c. one of the principles of which fluid exists in an aëriform state, a decomposition immediately commences, and continues as long as the aparatus has its powers not much impaired.

Though friction be the principal and most powerful mean of exciting electricity, it is not the sole one. It is likewise rendered active by heating and cooling bodies, by fu-

sion and vaporization. It is therefore probable that it may be excited by chemical action, and thus give rise to the phœnomena of the Voltaic pile in general. The power of the galvanic series seems to be proportional to the oxidation of the metal; and hence it may with much probability be concluded, that it is to this chemical action that the excitation of the galvanic influence is owing.

The galvanic influence is perceptible to the tongue and lips when it is by no means so to the fingers.

Mr. Robert Cooke, of Newark, examining a frog which had been galvanized by Dr. Stancliffe on the preceding evening, after decollation, with a view to ascertain whether this principle, by operating upon the frog, had induced a speedier tendency to putrefaction, found that the muscular parts of the animal had become pale, flaccid, and relaxed, with attendant exhalation of a faint, disagreeable odour. At half past ten the colour was changed to a blue, they became more and more soft, and ultimately of an obscure brown; the gas exhaled having the smell of carburetted hydrogen, which was probably combined with a sulphuretted hydrogen; for when the white oxide of bismuth and colourless solution of cerues, in acids, were suspended over them, spread on paper with a brush, they became speedily blackened, in consequence of the revival of the lead.

Let one electrified person, standing on an insulated stool, hold alcohol in his hand; let another person, standing on another insulated stool, hold in his hand an iron poker, one end of which is made red hot; he may then apply the hot end to the spirits, and even immerge it without firing them; but if he put one foot on the floor, the alcohol may be set on fire with the other hand.—Query: Can this be accomplished by galvanism?

It has been asked, whether that water, the decomposition of which is effected by galvanism, and which, as far as our tests are concerned, is apparently pure, be so in reality, as it is well known that some of the gasses are at all times dissolved in water at ordinary temperatures. Should not, therefore, the water, which is the subject of decomposition, be either operated upon in vacuo, or at least when the water has been for a time in a state of ebullition, and nearly at the boiling point?

The Etruscan inscriptions, which are engraven upon lead, are in a state of preservation to this day; whereas some medals of lead, alloyed with tin, of no great antiquity, are much corroded; and it is well known that where the parts of metals are soldered, they are much more liable to tarnish. Every simple but interrupted galvanic combination has both a positive and negative pole or termination, so that in every complete galvanic circle the electric fluid only passes in one direction.

Mr. Nicholson's electro-micrometer consists in the application of two metallic pieces, approaching each other by a screw on each side of Bennett's gold-leaf electrometer. This is obviously applicable to the appreciations of the minutest portions of electricity.

For any thing we know, the galvanic influence may have a considerable effect during sleep, which seems rather to allow a vicissitude to the active muscles than a state of perfect rest to all. The heart is never fatigued, because it is alternately in a state of contraction and relaxation.

The positive wire yields oxygen gas in acids, while the negative wire yields hydrogen gas and alkali.

When the galvanic influence is presented to a solution of nitrate of silver, the silver will be reduced on the hydrogen side. The silver indicates, by its brush-like crystals, a positive state of electricity. The zinc side yielding a dense spark, only indicates the negative state.

Berzelius and Pontin, of Stockholm, have procured an amalgam from the volatile alkali. This has been thought to shew that even metals may be compound.

We know hydrogen dissolves a portion of the metals in its nascent state, employed for decomposing the substance it is obtained from. Is it not probable that hydrogen, combined with electricity, at the instant of its union precepitates such metal; and that

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therefore, on the decomposition of electrated hydrogen by ignoble metals, the hydrogen is precipitated, and thus obtained in its purest possible form? It is not known whether all metals could be made magnetic; it is probable they might, at different teoiperaturea, since iron looses this faculty at four hundred degrees. There is also reason to conceive that the theory of galvanism applies to polar, but not to corpuscular attraction. When liquid ammonia * is substituted for water, and treated by galvanism, both the ammonia and the water are decomposed. In this case three gasses remain after the operperation, viz. oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen.

In applying galvanism to the ear, injury to the tympanum is prevented by guarding the meatus auditorius with an ivory ball. This might in like manner be applied to the eye.

If a wire be passed from one end of the battery, and made to communicate with the inside of the Leyden jar, and a wire from the other extremity be made to communicate with the opposite side, the latter will become weakly, but almost instantaneously charged, as if by a few turns of the electrical machine. The intensity of the charge is manifested by Bennett's electrometer, or it is very perceptible to the tongue.

The late Hon. Mr. Cavendish has shewn that iron wire conducts this fluid 400,000,000 times better than water; saline bodies also better than water; and metallic salts conduct it better than neutral salts.

During the actions of acids on metals Davy concluded that electricity was disengaged; and Dr. Woolaston adds, for the same reason, as the amalgam of a machine becomes oxydized, electricy is developed.

It seems singular that the galvanic shock should depend upon the number of plates or metallic series, while the power of deflagration depends in a direct ratio upon extent of surface. One hundred plates of two inches square give, as has been asserted, as great a shock as one hundred of ten inches, while the power of deflagration in the latter is a hundred times greater than that of the former.

It has been observed that the separating of water into its constituents, oxygen and hydrogen take place between every pair of plates, both of the pile and of the trough; the oxygen of the water seizing the metal while the electricity combines with the hydrogen.

In some experiments made by Mr. Sylvester and Dr. Stancliffe, it did not appear that platina wire connected with zinc operated so powerfully upon the limb of a frog as gold or silver wire, connected after the same manner. This experiment deserves repeating, with care.

An excellent cement for galvanic purposes is formed, of bees-wax one part, resin four parts, Venetian red one fourth part.

The galvanometer of Mr. Pepys is described at page 347 of Wilkinson's Galvanism.

Quere. As Dr. Priestley and others have attempted to calculate, the absolute quantities of uncombined caloric in bodies, above the actual zera, is it not possible, when this is suddenly separated, it may furnish the phœnomena of galvanism, and the more especially as it is probable that no chemical combination is compatible with a maximum of temperature?—In this suspicion we are upheld by several eminent philosophers and chemists.—At any rate it is most obvious that the highest state of ignition may be produced by the transmission of the galvanic spark in any liquid; and why may not this caloric, holding the substance more soluble in it, thus carry that substance along the conductors?—Again; conductors of caloric and electricity are synonimous.

Basins of water, to which wire are brought from the two poles of the galvanic battery, which basins are afterwards to be connected by the hands, furnish powerful shocks at the moment contact is formed.

* This substance, which, in its simple form, is an air, is now known to be a compound of hydrogen and nitrogen, (that air in the atmosphere not essential to combustion or animal life.)—SYLVESTER.

Garnett says, "What the nature of the galvanic fluid is, we are ignorant."—Some galvanic experiments have led him to suppose that it may be hydrogen, which, when combined with caloric, appears in the form of gas; but when pure, or perhaps in a different state, may be capable of passing through solid bodies in the form of electricity.

When galvanic experiments are repeated upon an animal that has been killed by opium, or by the electric shock, very slight contractions are produced; and no contractions whatever will take place in an animal that has been killed by corrosive sublimate, or that has been starved to death.

"When the electric shock is very strong, it will give polarity to magnetic needles, and sometimes it reverses these poles."—*Priestley*.

(*Concluded.*)

ACADEMICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE THYRDE BOKE OF THE MACHABEES,

NOT FOUND IN THE HEBREW CANONS.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAP. VII.

AND one *Eleazarus*, a nobleman, one of the preestes of that countrye, a very aged man, and vertuous all hys lyfe, with other sadde men about hym, callynge upon the Holy God, prayed thus:—O myghtie Kyng and Most Hyghest Almyghtie God, which mercifully governest all thynges that thou hast made, looke upon the seade of Abraham, and the chyldren of thy holy Jacob; the chosen people consecrated unto the beynge strangers in another land, and that shal be slayne unjustelye. O Father, thou destroyest Pharao, havyng many charriottes, sometime the kynge of the Egyptians, puffed up wyth cruel stubbornness and bostynges of tongue; thou drownest hym and hys proud hoost in the sea, and wyth the light of mercy dydest shyne upon the Israelites. Thou, O Lord, overthrewedst Sennacherib kynge of Assyria, beinge proud for hys innumerable sort of men, which had subdued unto his power all the whole lande, and was lift up agaynst the holye citye, speakynge cruell and proude wordes, shewynge openly unto the Gentiles the power. Thou savest those thy tryd frendes in Babylon, whiche wyth good chere gave there lyves to the fyre, because they would not worship vayne thynges, and dydst cast down unto the burnynge furneis, and savest them unhurt, even the very hayres of theyre heades, turnynge the flame upon all theyre enemys. Thou broughtest Daniel salfe unto lyght out of the denne, whych by false accusations thorow envy was cast under the earth to the lyons, to be devoured of wylde beastes; and dydst bridge agayn Jonas salfe unto hys frendes, when he had been sore troubled in the wale's belly, that was bred in the sea, O Father; now also, most merciful Beholder of all thynges, tary not, but shewe thyselfe unto the people of Israel as shortley as may be, that it is unjustely and cruelly handeled of the ungracious and wicked Gentiles; and if our levyng be waxen naught by dwellynge in a strange country, take us out of our enemys handes, O Lord, and destroy us by what death thou wilt, least they that thynke vayne thynges rejoyce vaynely of

those mens destruction whom thou hast loved, and sayed—No not theyre owne God hath delyvered them.—Wherefore, thou that art strongest and myghtiest, O Eternal God, look upon us now, and have mercy upon us, which, by the myghte of wicked men, be taken out of our lyf, as though we were traytors. Make the Gentils to wonder at thy myghty power, and use thy strengthe to the helthe of the kindred of Jacob. All theyr yong infantes besech the hereof, and theyr fathers also wyth teares. Let it be sene to all Gentils, O Lorde, thou helpest us, and that thou hast not turned thy face from us, but that thou hast not forgotten us, no not even in our enemes land. O Lorde, do even so.—

When *Eleazarus* had made an ende of his prayer thus, the kynge and all hys great companye was come wyth hys beastes to the horse-coursynge place, whych, when the Jewes saw, they made a great shott to Heaven, insomuch that all the walles sounded thereof, even that the people wept sore. Then the glorious omnipotent and true God shewynge hys holy face, opened hys heavenly gattes, from whence there came two angels terrible to loke upon, whom did also save the Jewes. The left the enemes army, and filled them with fear and trouble, and bounde them with such fetters, that the might not stirre. Then trembled the kynge's body, and began to forget his fearful boldness; the bestes also turned agaynst the men, that were in harnes, and trode them under the fete, and killed them. So the kynge turned hys anger into pitie, and to bewayle those thynges that he had donne before; for when he harde the crye, and after that saw them all trodden to death weeping, and angerly abusing hys frendes—Ye abuse that kynge, quoth he, and passe all tirantes in crueltie: ye go about to take sperit and lyf from men whyche have donne for you, devysing proude thynges that be not for the profite of my realme; who hath sent hyther, and unworthely put out of theyr houses these men, whych kept the holdes of our realme faithfully; who hath so cruelly punished those men whych even from the begynninge hath been above all nacions most lovynge unto us. Lose the bondes that the be unjustely bounde withal—I say, lose them, that they may go safe, for theyr good dedes that the have donne before: let go the children of the omnipotent and livynge God, which from the tyme of our ancestours to this daye hath kept the state of our relme untroubled. ——And those wordes spake he; and they incontinent beying losed, when they had escaped death, praysed the holy God their Saviour.

[*What we have published is all the original contained.*]

THE PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS THE SOLENIAN.

Translated by Thomas Noble. (*Continued from p. 291.*)

TO them * by mighty Jove this grace was given,
From Crete he call'd them to his splendid heaven;
Remindful that within a fragrant cave,
Where mossy streams the sides of Ida lave,
Dictæan swains preserv'd him, when a child,
And Saturn of his tender prey beguild'd:
For a whole year remain'd the infant Jove
Conceal'd and nourish'd in the Cretan grove.
Hence for such care their starry seats they claim'd,
This *Helice* †, that *Cynosura* nam'd:
In *Helice* the venturous Greeks confide,
O'er the wide waves her beams their vessels guide:
But *Cynosura* the Phœnicians gave,
To plough with fearless keel the dangerous wave,
Amid the stars that earliest grace the night,
Clear *Helice* emits her friendly light;
While *Cynosura*, tho' with fainter rays,
Around the north her smaller orbit strays,
Her certain beams more skilful pilots mark,
And steer securely the Sidonian bark.
Involving these, as when, with winding course,
A mighty river leaves its ample source,
A horrid DRAGON'S ‡ dreadful length is roll'd
In folds immense, terrific to behold.
Round the fierce BEARS entwines his spiral form,
And seems to lift them from the ocean's storm.
Near *Helice* his sluggish tail he bends,
Thence more 'encurv'd t'wards *Cynosura* tends:
Wide round the last his highest fold is spread,
Behind the first he rears his angry head.
Slow round himself revolve his forky jaws,
And every part in swifter orbs he draws:
Still from the *Lesser Bear's* oppressive feet,
Backward he seems to roll in slow retreat—
Backward he seems to roll, but rolls in vain,
Beneath the *Bear* his lucid scales remain.
Each wavy curve resplendent stars invest,
Burn in his eyes, and glitter on his crest.

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* Our plate in the last Number represented the two *Bears* and the *Dragon*: that in the present Number contains the *Engonasis* or *suppliant Hercules*, *Ophiuchus*, the *Crown of Ariadne*, and the *Scorpion*. By giving the constellations in this manner, the astronomical pupil will be less confused than when presented with a chart of the whole heavens. While it is recollected that Aratus, in his arrangement of the constellations, proceeds contrary to the regular course of the sun, or order of the Zodiac, it will be easy to discover each constellation in its turn. Those which we have delineated will be found in a right line from the *pole star* to the horizon, (except the Great Bear, which will be seen on the farther side of the pole star;) and these being once known, the ensuing constellations will always be more and more to the right hand.

† The smaller *Bear* is called *Cynosura*, which in Greek means *the tail of a dog*, to which this constellation has some resemblance. The greater is named *Helice*, from ἕλιξ, a circumvolution.

‡ Mythologists are not always agreed concerning the reference of the ancient fables to the constellations: the *Dragon* is however generally allowed to have been the watchful monster appointed by Juno as the guardian of the golden apples. The Latin commentator on Aratus reckons three bright stars in the head, and twelve others at various distances along the body. Modern astronomers enlarge the number to forty-nine; namely, one of the second magnitude in his head, seven of the third, eight of the fourth, thirteen of the fifth, nineteen of the sixth, and one of the seventh.

THE PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

Below his sanguine fangs, with pallid rays,
One star the monster's panting throat displays;
Like one that waves his outstretch'd head, and views
His destin'd prey, he *Helice* pursues.
His throat, and brilliant tail, and temples shine,
Marking the path of one unerring line.
Rising * or setting, still he seems to keep
His floating forehead o'er the expansive deep,
Or at one point, upon th' horizon, laves
His burnish'd brow, amid the stormy waves.
Next, swift revolving with the ambient spheres,
A human figure whelm'd with toil appears.
Yet still with name uncertain he remains,
Nor known the labour that he thus sustains.
But since upon his knees he seems to fall,
Him ignorant mortals ENGONASIS † call.
Struggling, like one distrest, he seems to bend—
On either side his suppliant arm extends;
But while sublime his awful hands are spread,
Beneath him rolls the DRAGON's horrid head;
And his right foot, unmov'd, appears to rest,
Fix'd on the writhing monster's burnish crest.
Near him a wreath of sacred radiance glows,
The studded stars from ARIADNE ‡ rose,
Once her rich CROWN, here plac'd by Bacchus' care,
In bright memorial of th' expiring fair.

* This is true with respect to the horizon of *Soli*, or *Solöe*, the native place of Aratus; but under our more northern parallel of latitude the head of the Dragon will never appear so low. The difference of latitude is about twelve degrees.

† None of the constellated figures have been more diversely interpreted than this. It is now universally called *Hercules*, and in the manner of its representation on our globes and charts agrees perfectly with the description given by Hyginus, who, quoting Eratosthenes, says that "it is Hercules with one foot upon the Dragon, habited for contest, having the skin of the lion in his left, and his club in his right hand. Æschylus, in his tragedy of Prometheus Lyomenos, is said to have alluded to this figure, and to have interpreted it to be Hercules contending with the Ligures for the cattle of Geryon. The crowds increased around him, and the arrows with which he had slain many were exhausted. Wounded, weary, and overpowered by numbers, he threw himself upon his knees, and implored the paternal aid of Jupiter, who taking compassion upon him, caused heaps of large stones to rise around him, with which he renewed the combat, and put his adversaries to flight."—"This constellation," says Hyginus, "is placed between the arctic circle and the tropic: both his feet and his right knee are nearly upon the artic circle. His shoulders support the tropic, which his extended right hand touches."—This, however, is not conformable with more modern and more accurate observations: the feet and knee are twenty degrees below the polar circle, and his head it more than ten degrees below the tropic.—"When this asterism sets," continues Hyginus, "his head comes to the horizon before the rest of his body. He hath in his head one brilliant star; in his left arm one; one bright star on each of his shoulders. On his left hand one; on his right elbow one; one on each side, the brightest on the left; two on his right thigh; one on his knee; one on his ham: two on his leg; one on his foot. Above his left hand four, which are by some astronomers called the *skin of the lion;* (these, on modern charts and globes, are called *Ramus Cerberi;*) making, altogether, nineteen." According to later observations, this constellation is composed of ninety-five stars: eleven of the third magnitude, fifteen of the fourth, thirty-one of the fifth, and thirty-eight of the sixth. The star on his head is called *Ras Alcheti*, and those on his arms *Maasim* and *Marsic*—appellations borrowed from the Arabian astronomers.

‡ This asterism is said to represent the crown of *Ariadne* given to her by Venus, and the Horæ, when Bacchus espoused her in the Island of Dia. It was fabricated by Vulcan, and the reflection of the Indian gems with which it was ornamented equal-

THE PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

Beneath the arm of him who kneels arise
Its stellar gems, and glitter round the skies.
Close where the SUPPLIANT's weary head reclines,
The radiant front of OPHIUCHUS shines *:
Hence the resplendent stars with ease we trace
Whose beams the brilliant OPHIUCHUS grace.
His head and arms conspicuously bright,
E'en when the full-orb'd moon illumes the night:
But o'er each hand a wav'ring lustre plays,
That fades, unequal to the lunar rays;
Yet neither wholly lost, nor meanly pale,
O'er the fierce SERPENT's folds his hands prevail.
Around him winds the monster's scaly length,
And writhes, contending with exerted strength.
Yet OPHIUCHUS unsubdued appears,
Nor e'en th' enormous SCORPION's † fury fears,
But on its fiery eye and gasping breast,
One mighty foot with dreadful force is prest.
Meantime the struggling SERPENT rageful bends,
And o'er each arms his twisted form extends;
Chief round the left his angry curves are swell'd,
Stretch'd, by the right hand grasp more straightly held.

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led the light of day. "The crown," according to Hyginus, "nearly touches the left shoulder of Arctophylax: it hath nine stars placed in a circular figure, three of which are much brighter than the rest."—Modern astronomers reckon twenty-one stars, namely, one of the second magnitude, six of the fourth, eight of the fifth, and six of the sixth.

* *Ophiuchus*, otherwise called *Serpentarius* and *Anguiteneus*, according to the most common interpretation, represents Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, who was slain by the thunderbolt of Jupiter, because by the power of his medical art he raised the dead. By others it is said to be *Triptolemus*, on whom Ceres, his foster-mother, bestowed the art of raising corn, and who sowed the earth with that nutritive grain, being carried in a chariot drawn by dragons over every region. The Rhodians sacrificed to this constellation as it rose above the horizon. They had a tradition that it represented *Phorbas*, who delivered them from the ravages of an enormous serpent. Hyginus reckons no more than sixteen stars in the figure of *Ophiuchus*, and twenty-three in the *Serpent*.—The commentator on Aratus counts twenty-seven in the former, and thirty in the latter. We now reckon sixty-nine in *Ophiuchus*, and fifty-nine in the *Serpent*, viz.

Mag.	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Ophiuchus.	1	7	15	13	26	7
Serpent.	1	7	6	3	32	10

† The Greeks made no distinction between the signs of the *Scorpion* and the *Balance*, except that they denominated the latter χηλή, or *the claws*. The *Scorpion* was placed in the heavens by Jupiter, as a warning to man not to be over-confident in his own power and success. Orion, after having spent a day in the chace with Diana and Latona boasted that no animal to which the earth could give existence should ever overcome him. Fatigued with his day's exertion, he fell asleep, and the Earth, indignant at his vaunts, brought forth a *Scorpion* by his side, which fastening upon him, roused him to agonies. He confessed himself subdued, and speedily expired. The ancients reckoned nineteen stars in this constellation, of which four belonged to that part called *Chelæ*, or *the claws*. The beautiful star called *Cor Scorpii* is of the first magnitude.

SCORPIO.

Mag.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
	1	1	2	12	5	25	5

It is one of the signs of the zodiac, and by those who consider those signs as denoting the particular attributes of each month, it is said to signify that the period of the year, when the sun is in that part of the heavens, is subject to mephitic damps, producing noxious fevers.

PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

Beside his jaws the lucid CROWN behold,
And the broad BALANCE * near his amplest fold;
Yet void of lustre, glimmering on the sight,
The feeble BALANCE sheds its trembling light.
Behind the greater BEAR, with rustic mien,
ARCTOPHYLAX †, their herdsman, next is seen,
By men BOÖTES nam'd, for he appears
To drive those waggon-forms we term the BEARS.
Bright his whole figure, but beneath his zone
One star, by its appropriate lustre known,
ARCTURUS ‡ with no other star combines,
But in itself a constellation shines.

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* The *Balance*, or *Chelæ*, is also a sign of the Zodiac, and is said by Hyginus to have been first separated from *Scorpio* by the Romans, in order to denote the equality of night and day at the time of the autumnal *Equinox*. According to him there are but four stars in this sign: two moderately splendid, and two others less conspicuous. These four are nearly in the four corners of a square, and are easily distinguished. We now reckon forty-nine stars in this asterism, viz. two of the second magnitude, five of the third, seven of the fourth, eleven of the fifth, twenty-one of the 6th, and two of the 7th.

† This constellation is, by Ovid and other mythological poets, said to be *Lycaon*, and by others *Arcas*, the son of Calysto and Jupiter. A fable less known, but more interesting, as it is attached to the origin of Tragedy, is related concerning it. Many writers tell us that it represents *Icarius*, the father of *Erigone*. To him Bacchus assigned the task of instructing mankind how to cultivate the vine, because, confiding in his prudence and integrity, he hoped that it would be, through him, rendered a blessing. *Icarius* having filled the skins of goats with the juice of his grapes, loaded waggons with them, and journied through Attica, (whence his name *Boötes*.) He showed the people the virtues of the liquor, while he bestowed plants on those who chose to possess them. It happened however that some became intoxicated, and falling apparently lifeless, or uttering extravagant expressions, convinced the rest that *Icarius* intended to poison them: they therefore slew him, and threw his body into a pit; but when they saw that their countrymen not only recovered, but were anxious to drink again of the precious beverage given them by Icarius, they were filled with remorse, and sought the means of expiating their crime. For many days Erigone anxiously expected the return of her father, when she beheld his dog *Mera* enter her dwelling, and run howling towards her.—The piteous cries of the animal were unceasing, and Erigone soon imagined the cause. The dog led her to the door by her vest: she suffered herself to be conducted by the pertinacious animal over hills and through forests. When she stopped, weary with the length of the way, the dog urged her to proceed with the most piercing cries. At length they arrived at the spot where the body of her father lay in an open pit: she beheld it, and overcome by despair, hung herself on a tree that grew upon the brink. *Mera*, her faithful companion, remained immoveable on the spot, where famine and fatigue soon terminated its existence. The oracle commanded the Athenians to perform a solemn sacrifice to the manes of Icarius and his daughter. In these rituals a goat was made the victim, and chosen persons, under the denomination of Ἀλητιδας, or *Wanderers*, personated the characters of Icarius and Erigone. It is said that at first the representative of Erigone actually used to suspend herself to a tree, but that afterwards a painted effigy served as a substitute.

The ancients reckoned fourteen stars in this constellation: the moderns observe fifty-five.

‡ *Arcturus* is a star of the first magnitude which does not form a part of any constellation. It is near the right knee of *Boötes*. It was esteemed by the Romans as the precursor of storms, and is often mentioned by the Latin authors with terrific and ominous epithets.

PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

Thine eyes directed tow'rds the RUSTIC's feet,
The beauteous VIRGIN's * beamy figure meet,
Whose generous hand, with promissory rays,
The harvest sign, an ear of corn, displays,
Whether ASTRÆUS was her ancient sire,
(Great parent of the first stellated fire!)
Or from some other sprung, sublime she rears
Her sacred form, secure, amid the spheres.
Yet, in the earliest times, as sages tell,
She with the human race on earth would dwell,
Hold converse with the elders, nor disdain
To walk, discoursing, with the matron train:
Sit, tho' immortal, 'mid th' assembled youth,
And utter dictates of preceptive truth.
Oft in the public way, or crowded hall,
Earnest, with voice celestial, would she call;
And, as the aged listen'd, she would trace
The social obligations of our race:
Man's claims from man, his duties and his rights,
The bond that various energies unites,
The laws that every wayward wish control,
And of weak members form a mighty whole.
The sages heard, and straight, with loud acclaim,
Hail'd the bright maid by JUSTICE' awful name.
Courts were unknown, unknown the wrangling bar,
Chicane, and strife, and falsehood's wordy war.
Men liv'd in blest simplicity—the main
Roar'd, unattempted by the lust of gain—
Roar'd idly, chafing 'gainst its rocky shores,
Unglutted by the merchant's wealthy stores.
The plough and pasture every care supplied;
Justice, the people's empress and their guide—
Justice, whose hands each human good bestow—
Suffer'd them not the pangs of want to know.
As long as Earth prolong'd the *Golden Age*,
So long did man the VIRGIN's care engage;
But in the *Silver Age* less frequent seen,
Silent, alone, with melancholy mien,
Or, with a few, near some sepulchral stone,
She mourn'd the days and ancient manners gone!
Yet loth to quit the earth, she, ling'ring, stray'd
'Mid cavern'd mountains, and the forest's shade,
Conceal'd throughout the day; but when the night
Sprinkled the curtain'd sky with stellar light,
She would some patriot's musing footsteps seek,
And to his soul in awful accents speak:

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* Some mythologists denominate this constellation *Erigone*, the daughter of *Icarius*: others call it *Fortune*, and some *Ceres*. The figure is most generally supposed to be *Astræa*, the daughter of Astræus and Aurora. While she remained on earth, and conversed with mortals, the *Golden Age*, so much celebrated by the poets, continued.—Our author does not neglect the opportunity of dwelling on this favourite theme, and it must be acknowledged that he does not want for chasteness of allegory, nor strength of colouring. Hyginus remarks that "the *Virgin* is placed beneath the feet of *Boötes*: her head is near the hinder part of *Leo*: her right hand approaches the tropic of *Cancer*; and the lower part of her figure extends beyond *the Crow* and the *Water-snake*. When she sets, her head descends first beneath the horizon. On the back part of her head is one star, not particularly bright: there is also one on each shoulder and one on each wing. The star on her right wing is called Προτρυγητηρ, or *Vindimiatrix*.—She has, besides, a star on each of her hands: that on her left hand is very large and brilliant. (It is called *Spica Virginis.*) She has, moreover, seven others diversely scattered over her robe and her feet. In all, sixteen stars." We now reckon eighty-nine stars in this constellation, viz.

Mag.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
	1	0	5	10	19	45	9

The *Virgin* is one of the zodiacal signs, and rules over the *harvest* month: she is therefore called *Ceres*; and the star of the first magnitude on her left hand is called the *Harvest-ear*, or *Spica Virginis*.

Till few, and fewer still, her name rever'd,
And conscious guilt her hated presence fear'd.
Then towns immense usurp'd the verdant plains,
Fraud's eager tribes, and Folly's splendid trains:
Indignant at the sight, she thus aloud
Rebuk'd the wicked frenzy of the crowd—
" No more, O man, shall ye behold my face,
Tho' mid the mutual wrongs that rend your race
Ye cry for JUSTICE!—What, if now the times,
Left by your *Golden Sires*, are foul with crimes,
What times, bethink you, must from you proceed?
War shall have birth and name!—Your sons shall bleed
By your sons' hands!—In wide promiscuous strife
Gush crimson torrents of expiring life!
Yet shall not *Evil* triumph: at his side
Will I send *Misery* forth to check his pride."
She spake, and sought again the mountain's height.
The men, remorseful, trembled in her sight:
Gaz'd as she went, and ceas'd not to deplore
That *Justice* would be found with man no more!

These pass'd away, and next their offspring came—
The *Age of Brass*, pernicious, void of shame.
By them the jav'lin and the murd'rous blade,
The traveller's nightly terror, first were made—
By them the labouring ox, that treads the grain,
Was for his fellow-labourer's table slain.
Justice, revolting, turn'd away her eyes,
And, hating man, sought refuge in the skies.
To her allotted that celestial space
Where the resplendent RUSTIC marks the place.
There on her lovely beams, 'mid silent night,
Inquiring sages fix their anxious sight.
The *Vintage-star**, with hesitating rays,
Hangs on her wings, and o'er her shoulder plays;
Not one of softer light more perfect glows,
'Mid those which lucid HELICE compose:
This shines intense, yet shines it not alone—
Scarcely amid its bright companions known,
It mocks your gaze, and seems to float around,
Still in the neighbouring splendor lost and found.
As large, as bright, another takes its seat
Beneath her shoulders, one beneath her feet,
One, as she bends, upon her loins we see,
And one, suspended, glistens 'gainst her knee:
Smaller and nameless numbers that escape
Th' attentive eye, impearl her floating shape.

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* The *Vintage-star*, *Vindimiatrix*, or *Vindemitor*, is a star of the third magnitude. Its origin is narrated by Ovid. Fast. lib. iii. 408. of which the following is a free paraphrase:

The youthful *Ampelus* ‡ beheld the vine
Luxuriant o'er the spreading elm entwine:
Round every bough the twisted tendrils clung,
And purple clusters mid the foliage hung.
From branch to branch the eager boy ascends,
Branch after branch beneath his pressure bends:
One larger cluster, pendant o'er the steep,
Tempts him along the verdant limb to creep:
The verdant limb creaks threat'ning with his weight—
Unheeded creaks, then yields him to his fate!
Bacchus beheld his death, and bade him rise
A beamy star, to gild the middle skies. N.

‡ Αμπελος ἀγρία, the wild vine. The allegory is founded on the destruction of the wild vine, which attached itself indiscriminately to the branches of trees, where it perished; while by cultivation it afforded that exquisite beverage which enlivens and elevates mortals to the heavens.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MIRACULOUS CASK; OR, THE TRUE CAUSE OF THE PEACE OF TESCHEN.

An Anecdote related to the Society of Emulation *at Colmar, by* M. Luce, *Lutheran Minister at Munster* *.

IN the course of an excursion to the neighbouring mountains, in 1779, I spent an evening with M. Brauer, minister at Hunaweyer. He was a man of great erudition and of amiable manners: he had pursued an excellent system of literature, and was intimately acquainted with the antiquities of his country. It was he who furnished that portion of the *Alsatia Illustrata* of the celebryted Schoepflin † (whose sister he had married,) which contains the interesting discoveries concerning the ancient *Argentouaria*, now called Horbourg, near Colmar, and the description of the temple of *Ottmarsheim*, the only Roman edifice now existing in Alsace. Rural economy is greatly indebted to his care: he has considerably contributed to introduce and to extend in our neighbourhood the cultivation of trefoil, and of potatoes. The patriotic projects of *assurance-banks*, manufactories of cotton, &c. occupied his leisure hours: he was the arbitrator and counsellor of all the surrounding country; yet in the midst of so many labours his favourite occupation was the edution of youth. Beside the assiduous attention which he bestowed on his young parishioners, he had always about him some youths of slender means, but in whom he had discovered a disposition for learning, and whom he prepared for the more serious studies of the neighbouring universities.

You may conceive, gentlemen, how much I must have been rejoiced in seeing once more this worthy man, with whom I had been for so long a period intimately connected; and you will be no less surprised than I was, when I tell you how he was ocpied at the moment of my arrival. He was in his court-yard, in black, repairing, upon a large stone block, which was not unlike one of the square altars of the ancients, a *small cask*, of simple form, and of aged appearance, on which he was putting new hoops. He received me in the most friendly manner, but returned instantly to his work, begging me to go into the parlour, where I should find refreshment and a few friends.

Fatigued as I was with my journey from the mountains, I remained at his side, and could not conceal my astonishment. He smiled, and continuing his work, informed me that this little cask was of too great value to be entrusted to the hands of hired coopers. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "did you but know the history of this little *cask*, and the miraculous effect which it has produced, you would be much less surprised at my attachment to it, than at the wonders upon which my attachment is founded. This *cask* was given to the world, like the tables of Moses, in the midst of thunder and lightning, and to this *cask* I owe my best friend. The republic of letters is indebted to this *cask* for one of its most interesting institutions; and it claims the gratitude of Europe as the cause of that peace which has just restored us to repose and tranquillity."

I knew not what to make of this singular panegyric. I surveyed my friend from head to foot, and he might perhaps have perceived a sort of compassion in my looks.—"You

* This is not Munster in Westphalia, but Munster, a little town in ancient Alsace, about four leagues from Colmar.

† The learned professor of History, and historiographer of France.

may imaagie what you please," said he, "but I thank God that I am still daily sen-"sible of that blessing for which the Poet implores the gods—*Optandum est ut sit mens sanâ in corpore sano.*—Patience,' my friend, and after supper every thing shall be explained to you. Go in—leave me, for the present, to finish my work."

I found a large party within, who were assembled to celebrate my friend's sixty-fifth birth-day. Every one was as earnest as myself to know the history of the little *cask* so dear to our host. The pastor himself soon entered, carrying it in a triumphant manner; and placing it in a chair near the window, took his seat with us at the table.

During supper he recounted to us numerous anecdotes, of which the greater part were relative to the honour of our country. He had known Voltaire during his residence at Colmar. He informed us by how small an incident it had happened that that celebrated philosopher, instead of terminating his existenee in our neighbourhood, had become the patriarch of Ferney. He wished to purchase of the family of Wurtemberg, the Chateau de Horbourg, near Colmar. The deeds were drawn, and he had already devised plans of the alterations he intended to make, and of the improvements which he wished to add. Nothing but the signature was wanting, when a Jesuit of Colmar, who was called *Le Pere Ernestus,* formed with the superiors of his college a plot to expel the mighty heretic from our provinces, and by the force of artifice and intrigue accomplished his purpose.

Rousseau was also to have inhabited this valley, one of the most picturesque in all Europe. That persecuted philosopher, compelled, in the middle of winter, to quit his last asylum, (the Island of St. Pierre on the Lake of Berne,) was conducted by M. Barth, then secretary to our embassy at Soleure, not without danger to himself, to Strasbourg; and on the return of Rousseau from England, M. Barth offered him an agreeable retreat amongst our mountains, and was on the point of conducting him to a sequestered and rural retreat in this immediate neighbourhood, when the unhappy native of Geneva, understanding that Voltaire, whom he used to call the "blessed on earth," had spent a whole summer in this valley, he would not inhabit it.

I endeavoured to direct the conversation to the subject of the cask, and in this I was seconded by all the company. "You will yourselves be ready to give testimony to the truth of the miracles which I ascribe to it," said M. Brauer, "when I shall have explained them to you. The principal scene," continued he, addressing me in particular, "was in the town of your nativity. You know that I dwelt at Munster some years, when I was a young man. I have now on this day—indeed, on this very hour, been exactly forty years in possession of this inestimable utensil. My father sent it to me full of his best wine as a present, on my twenty-fifth birth day. By some accident, which I should be wrong to attribute to chance, the horse, on which it was brought, became restive just before my door, and by his plunging threw the cask with such force to the ground that many hoops were broken, and the wines began to ooze out in large drops. I sent in haste to my cooper, but he was from home. I sought for another, but no other could be found. At that moment Heaven conducted to my gate a lad of twelve or thirteen years old, who immediately, of his own accord, went for other hoops, and brought his father, who was a cooper by trade, to my assistance. The damage was soon repaired, and the cask being let down into the cellar, I offered refreshment to these voluntary labourers. The father took his glass and returned to his occupations; but as I had remarked some traits of intellect in the son, far above his years and situation, and being besides enchanted with the amiable zeal which he had shewn to render me a service, I detained him in conversation more than an hour. My favourable opinion of him was increased by this interview, and I requested him to return the next day."

(To be continued.)

Interesting Narrative, extracted from the Account of Dorvo Soulastre, addressed to Cambacérès.

[Concluded from Page 298.]

When we were re-assembled we could not but communicate to each other our dread of the alligators, and to secure ourselves from being attacked by them, we saw no other resource but to climb the tree, at the foot of which we then stood, and to pass the night among the branches. At that moment how preferable would a flint and a little tinder have appeared, in our eyes, to all the riches of the earth!—Oh night of many terrors, thou wert but the forerunner of miseries—of the manifold miseries which we were about to endure!

The island, for such we discovered the spot to be, on which either ignorance or treachery had landed us, was, as I have already said, so low, that, in some places, beside which the sand had been washed up in ridges, we were forced to walk through pools of water. We had traversed it, both in length and breadth, without having met with a pebble of the weight of an ounce; the whole was mud and sand. The ocean which, elsewhere, deposits the sources of fecundity upon its shores, displays here the most tenacious avarice and terrific sterility:—it seems to roll round these desolate coasts for no other purpose but to give birth to the monsters which inhabit them, which it receives and conceals in its bosom, while it participates in their ferocity.

It was out of our power to make any fire that evening: we climbed our tree and each of us formed a couch, amid the boughs, as well as he was able. For my own part, I tied my left arm to one of the branches with the only handkerchief in my possession, in the apprehension that the least motion would make me lose my balance, during the sleep, which, through excessive fatigue, began to gain upon me, and to which I yielded. Notwithstanding the uneasiness of my position, I should have passed the night quietly enough, had it not been for the continued howling and cries of a great number of alligators, which, at the commencement of the night, quitted the marshy pools, and stationed themselves about ten paces from us, on the banks of the sea, where we saw them go in and out, one after another, either to bathe or in search of their prey, which their dreadful concert must, doubtlessly, have driven to a distance. This horrible harmony having lasted about two hours, the band dispersed, still keeping along the coast, although, at intervals, we heard the same cries, which we might have mistaken, sometimes for the sudden barking of dogs, and, at other times, for the screams of children, had we not known from what sort of throats these noises proceeded. If to the terror which the presence of these animals gave us, be added the torture which the musquitos and other insects of every species with which these marshy places abound; and, moreover, the deadly chill of an abundant dew, so very cold that it made us shiver through every member, an idea, yet still inadequate, may be obtained of the sufferings which we endured during the long twelve hours of a tropical night.

At length, about six o'clock in the morning, a faint twilight announced to us the approach of day. Alas! it came but to shew us more and more the whole extent of our misery. We had been fully sensible of the pain caused by the stings of the sea-flies, gnats and musquitos, but we knew not the effect which they had produced upon our countenances. The moment in which we were first able to see one another, was indeed a moment of horror: we were so swelled as scarcely to be known, except by our cloaths and the sound of our voices. Happily we had sea-water in plenty; and after having washed ourselves we found some relief. As to the alligators they had returned to their pools by day-break, and since these animals never attack men unless they are disturbed by them, and seldom seek their prey except by night, we were tranquil upon that subject.

While we prepared for our departure, *La Prudence* went in search of fresh water: he returned without having discovered any, which obliged us to have recourse to our flagon of rum, which we emptied at once, being persuaded that a walk of two hours would be sufficient to bring us to the so much-desired *corps-de-garde*. We set out, and pursued

our journey along the strand; but the hea of the sun, which was almost immediately over our heads, was so intense, that we were oblig- ed to stop frequently for a little repose. We then began to feel the approaches of hunger and thirst, particularly after having walked with so much eagerness. Hope, however, still supported us, and, after having halted a third time, during which we sucked the jui- ces of dog-grass, we continued our journey un- til four o'clock, or thereabouts, when exces- sive fatigue compelled us to rest, and continu- ed disappointment made us yield our minds to all the dreadful ideas of our situation. Captain Durand, the commander, Pierre, and La Prudence were the only persons among us who preserved any strength either bodily or mental. The Spanish merchant, his servant, and myself were entirely exhausted: we threw ourselves at the root of a wild cashew-tree, which, having no fruit, could only afford us its hospitable shade.

Captain Durand and La Prudence went in search of water: it was at that moment the most pressing of our wants, for our breath was like a flame. In about half an hour, La Prudence returned with a smiling counte- nance, telling us that he had discovered water which was good to drink. Never, no, never, have the most melodious sounds produced a sensation so delightful, as that excited by these words of honest La Prudence: * "Me find "water, captain drinkee it."—At that mo- ment fatigue and despondency were forgotten: water was to us every thing, and we con- ceived no happiness greater than the pleasure of drinking without restraint. The spot to which our guide conducted us was nothing more than a marshy pool situated in a hollow, about a hundred paces from the sea-side, in- to which the sea being driven by those fre- quent southern hurricanes which are the de- solation and the terror of the West-India islands, had left there its stagnant waters. These waters having discharged a portion of their salts through the plants which they nourished, were, with the exception of a brackish taste which they still retained, pa- latable enough, particularly to persons in our situation: I do not imagine that the dews, abundant as they are, nor even the rain, could, of themselves, have rendered this wa- ter even so fresh as it was:—but to whatever cause its freshness is to be ascribed, the desire of cooling our stomachs overpowered the de- licacy of taste, and rendered us inattentive to the colour of this beverage which was a sort of yellow, tinctured with mud: by the aid of our hats, which served us instead of glasses, we drank abundantly. But as it happens, in situations like ours, for want of the precau- tions which experience dictates, our draught had nearly been fatal to us. Instead of be- ginning by rincing our mouths, we swallowed this water, which was naturally noxious, with so much haste, and in so great a quantity, that our stomachs revolted against it, and rejected it, in an instant, with violent and excruciat- ing emotions. Nevertheless, though faint and exhausted, we felt relieved from thirst, and so great a desire of sleep seized us that had we not had the dread of alligators upon us, we could have sunk in repose for the night upon the spot. We filled our flagon with the water, that we might take some to the Spa- nish merchant, who had not been able to ac- company us; and, with difficulty, we re- gained our sheltering cashew-tree, which we saw again with as much pleasure, as a traveller after a long journey, experiences, when he finds a house and a good bed in which he may recruit his exhausted strength.

As we had not yet relinquished the expecta- tion of arriving at the *corps-de-garde*, we de- termined to pass this night as we had done the last, that is to say, among the branches of the cashew-tree; but it was impossible for the exhausted Spaniard to climb. His strength was completely overwhelmed with grief, (for his whole fortune lay in his vessel) as well as by age, disease, and fatigue. We were oblig- ed to let him remain at the foot of the tree, under the care of the worthy La Prudence, who, voluntarily, without any consideration of the danger to which he exposed himself, offered to take care of him. This honest ne- gro was a perfect model of zeal and attach- ment. Did he know some means of render- ing himself useful, he lost, instantly, every idea

* "Moi avoir trouvé de l'eau, capitaine le "boire."

of trouble or fatigue, and rested not till he had afforded each of us all the services that he was able to perform. To this eulogium I must add that it is very probable that many of us must have sunk beneath the weight of our sufferings long before the moment of deliverance arrived, had it not been for his indefatigable activity. This second night was terrific, and whatever idea may be formed of it, the impression would still be feeble. To the horrors of our situation during the former night, must be added not only faintness, and the diminution of our strength, but the sight of our poor companion in misery, whose disorder increased so much during the night that at day-break he was almost wholly insensible. He became so weak that we could not support him in a sitting posture without difficulty. While we were solicitously endeavouring to assuage his sufferings, his remaining recollection seemed entirely occupied about us, and, at length, appearing to forget his pains, he addressed us in these consolatory words :—

"My dear friends, I feel that my last "hour is come, and that it is no longer per-"mitted to me to share your misfortunes : "whatsoever may arrive do not yield to des-"pair; I have a *presentiment* that you will "surmount these evils, and that it will not "be long ere you obtain the reward due "to your patience and courage.—As to my-"self, in quitting you, I have this great con-"solation, that I die surrounded by Chris-"tians, who, in restoring to the earth my "mortal remains, will unite their prayers to "those which I address to the Father of All, "that he will deign to receive me into his "mercy."

These were the last words which our poor companion uttered : nevertheless he retained his recollection, and ceased not to pray internally, until he had sighed his last. He held a *scapulary* in his hand, which he frequently raised to his lips; and it was not until the instant in which he let it fall, that we perceived he lived no more. Thus terminated the existence of this worthy man, whose death, while it suspended the sense of our own miseries for a short time, rendered us more acutely afflicted by his loss.

Our first care, after we were certain that he had breathed his last, was to employ ourselves in burying him. His coat (in one of the pockets of which we found a small lens, similar to those used by watchmakers to examine their work,) served him for a shroud, and with our hands and our cutlass we dug for him a grave in the sand, tolerably deep, into which we consigned his body, after having recited over him the prayers used in the ritual of the dead, and ornamented the spot with the sacred symbol of redemption.

This solemn and melancholy ceremony, which apparently should have tended to weaken our remaining energies and to diminish our courage, produced a contrary effect : it seemed to invigorate our bodies and to redouble our resolution ; so true is it that prayer by drawing the soul nearer to its Creator, ennobles it, elevates it and makes it in some measure participate in his power.

I have just said that we found a magnifying glass in one of the pockets of the Spanish captain, which he made use of in reading his breviary. It was to this instrument, which we had seen twenty times in his hands without thinking of the advantage we might derive from it, that we owed our preservation, for it is certain that we could not have passed the ensuing nights in the same manner as we had done the two preceding, without being exposed to become sooner or later the prey of the alligators, which to our astonishment had respected the last moments of the Spaniard ; this we attributed to that repugnance common to every animal, even to the most ferocious, which makes them avoid the scene of natural death.

Our first care when the sun was near its meridian height was, by means of our lens, to steal from him one of his beams, and to make a large fire, of which M. Prudhomme and I took the charge, while our companions went forwards to make their discoveries, and did not return until sunset. Not only had they found neither water, nor food, but they had acquired the melancholy certainty that we were not upon the continent of Cuba, but upon a small island on its coast, which was separated from it by a canal three leagues in width.

This discovery, heart-rending as it was, produced nevertheless a good effect: it delivered us from the cruel state of uncertainty in which we had been for three days,—an uncertainty many times more painful than the conviction that our surmises were well founded and that our safety must depend upon our personal efforts. After some reflection, we agreed that there remained to us one only way of escaping destruction: it was to construct a raft: but, how to accomplish such an undertaking?—I have already said that the island upon which we were, was low, producing little more than reeds and shrubs, which in whatever quantity we might collect them, would never have formed a body sufficiently solid to bear us, or to resist the waves which in that channel are particularly turbulent. There were indeed some trees scattered here and there on the most elevated spots: but not only were these generally at a distance from the shore, but we had no tools nor instruments to fell them or to adapt them to our purpose. Still this idea was too attractive to be rejected; and by continually indulging it, we at length so far persuaded ourselves of the possibility of its execution, that in less than an hour not one of us doubted of the certainty of his preservation. The wretched are not difficult in the choice of their hopes: they see in all their projects the termination of their misery: all their conclusions are directed to one point, and neither the circumstances which may happen, nor the obstacles which may arise, impede the velocity of their minds: their imagination refuses to reflect, and even rejects the most manifest impediments with the dread of beholding the flattering illusion dissipated which consoles them, and, for a moment, blunts the sense of misery.

These pleasing ideas, united to the certainty of being able to pass a comfortable night, stretched at our ease on the sand, surrounded by good fires, and without any thing to fear from the alligators which had hitherto caused us so much terror;—these ideas, I say, caused our supper of saline herbs and dog-grass to appear excellent. We quenched our thirst with the water of the marsh, but with more precaution than on the preceding evening, and therefore with less inconvenience. We made three fires and laid ourselves at our length in the space they encompassed. Each of us by turns kept watch to attend to the fires, and thus we passed an excellent night, which was not only free from uneasiness, but was embellished with the most seductive hope.

The next morning we awoke fresh and cheerful, and we conversed upon nothing but the means of putting our project into execution. A little fresh water which the indefatigable La Prudence had collected from those wild artichokes which I have already mentioned, added farther to our comforts and augmented our expectations, but as we were on the side of the island most distant from the main land, we resolved to travel across to the other shore: this enterprize had numerous difficulties, and although the northern coast was not more than two leagues from the point whence we departed yet the journey took up the whole of the day. Still this was preferable to the attempt to double the point of the island on a raft, which is always ungovernable when it meets with a current contrary to the course in which it is to be navigated.

It was not without a farewell sight of the tomb of the poor Spaniard, nor without paying his memory the respect of our mutual regret, that we quitted this spot, the scene of our affliction, our despair and our hope: but the project which we had formed had so many charms that it speedily concentrated all our ideas. It was indeed our only expectation—our last resource. As we walked, it formed the incessant subject of our conversation; and we spoke of it as of a measure the execution of which was indubitable. We thus re-animated our courage and renewed our strength. In all the circumstances and in every station of life, man delights to lull his reason with chimeras: he will even quit the real pleasures which he enjoys, to indulge his imagination in the creation of those which do not exist. He trespasses, madman as he is, upon the sacred rights of the unfortunate! Illusion is the territory of the unhappy—the blessings which it produces are to them real, they soften the sen-

sation of present evil, they strengthen their souls in the toils of adversity and enable them to arrive at the termination of their miseries.

After a journey of seven hours we arrived at length on the other coast of the island. We were indeed in a most pitiable state. Our feet were torn by thorns and began to refuse their support, and those among us who wore boots, had their legs so swollen, that they were obliged to cut the leather to obtain relief. But whatever were our sufferings, one single look towards the opposite coast, immediately overcame our sense of them, and a thick smoke, which we beheld rising through the trees that bordered the strand, transformed this country to a new Eden in our idea, in which our imagination presented us already the oblivion of our miseries and the enjoyments of the land of promise.

After a meal of herbs and roots we began our work. The strongest attacked the trees at their roots, while the rest stripped them of their bark or went in search of reeds. When our materials were united we delivered ourselves up to our occupations with an ardour of which our position can alone afford an idea.

Night interrupted our labours: we made up our fires and thought of taking that repose which our journey and our work had rendered more than ever necessary to us. We enjoyed our rest in its fullest extent, until the moment when the dawn broke the charm of sleep embellished with the most promising dreams, and embellished our waking hours with all that the most deceitful imagination renders seductive.

Resolved to depart on the morning of the next day, we busied ourselves in the construction of our raft. We had collected materials, and nothing remained but to put them in order. Captain Durand was our engineer.

He began by instructing us to lash our wood together with the green bark of trees and reeds, and thus we succeeded little by little in fabricating a flat machine, to one of the ends of which we fastened a piece of wood that might serve us as a rudder. Our work being finished we moored our master-piece firmly to the sandy bank, and went to rest at no great distance, still contemplating the spot that held the long laboured means of our expected safety.

Alas! the stroke of misfortune had not yet spent its force, we were doomed to feel every degree of affliction and to arrive slowly at the termination of misery!

We had slept two or three hours, surrounded by numerous fires, which we had entrusted to the care of La Prudence when we were suddenly roused by loud claps of thunder, which rolled over our heads.

The sky was in flames with lightning: the clouds heaped upon one another reflected the most terrific hues, more or less vivid, as they were more or less opaque, while the whole appeared so closely embodied round us that we seemed to be in the very bosom of a volcano.

Our first ideas were naturally directed to our raft. Hitherto it had been the centre of our hopes, but at this moment it attracted all our fears. As I have already said we had constructed it on the strand, where we had firmly moored it, but as the sea rose in immense billows and even dashed over the eminence on which we were, we perpetually questioned each other if it could be supposed possible, that the waves would respect this last plank of our shipwrecked expectations? Alas our mutual fears were too well founded! The greedy ocean had dragged it into its deep abyss, and there remained for us on the return of light nothing but despair and death.

At this sight we stood immovable and lifeless: for some hours we had not even the courage to speak, much less to attempt any new resource. To this deplorable situation another trouble was super-added. Hitherto we had all preserved our health: setting aside that uneasiness which is ever the consequence of continued misfortune, we had found sufficient strength to contend with all the wants that assailed us; but the moment in which we beheld the termination of our cherished hope, the force and courage which had until now sustained us, suddenly abandoned us, and we fell into a faint and lifeless stupor, which must infallibly have terminated in death, if that sentiment which ever recals man to the care of his preservation,

had not given a small portion of energy to our hearts that had almost ceased to beat.

"Come!" exclaimed Captain Durand starting up, with an accent that bordered upon desperation, — "when life is to be "preserved every means is lawful!—in our "present state we must have food, otherwise "of six, not one will long remain alive, "but we must die one after another, the "death of madmen!—We must not hesi- "tate—the death of one, must assure the "preservation of the rest: —I have cho- "sen my victim!" In uttering these dreadful words, he made a leap towards poor La Prudence, whom he seized by the hair, and brandishing the cutlass which he held in the other hand, he was about to strike our unfortunate companion, when a fearful cry of horror which burst from us all at once, arrested his murderous arm, and gave his victim an opportunity of disengaging himself from the arm that held him. But what now was the conduct of his victim? Young, robust, and stronger alone than all the rest of us together, what, if he profits by the advantages which he possesses, to disarm and beat to the earth, the monster who would have slain him, and whose hand still threatens his existence?—In one word, ye philosophers, shall vengeance or generosity actuate the bosom of a slave?—La Prudence, poor La Prudence is more than generous!—he might make his adversary tremble from whose repentant hands the steel has just dropped, —but no—he becomes a suppliant,—he begs his life, which should his executioner refuse, his attitude, for he has thrown himself upon his knees, shews him ready to resign as the last proof of his attachment: he addresses himself to all—he seeks the compassion of all whom his late services have benefited. *"O "massas white mans not kill I —poor La "Prudence!—do all for white mans: the "good God help us!"

What extremes are there in nature, and how frequently does she delight to unite them in the same individual! What opposite sentiments agitated at the same instant the soul of Captain Durand, whose heart was naturally benevolent, sensible and generous: —with what astonishing rapidity did he return from a state of ferocity to the softest sentiments of compassion and humanity! He could not support his emotions, he shook through all his limbs—he fell, but it was into the arms of his negro slave, who is become for life, his brother—his friend!—He presses him to his heart,— he sheds tears upon his face, their tears unite, while ours flow in abundance, and the spot which was on the point of becoming the theatre of the most horrible murder, displays the triumph of humanity!

But what are we to do?—our strength exhausted, we must perish with hunger before we can collect the materials necessary for the construction of another raft. Providence will still have mercy upon us, and the instrument which it employs to assure us of our deliverance, is to be the same man, who a moment before, one of us had destined to become the most direful of all sacrifices!

While we were yet pensive and without hope, La Prudence ran towards us with speed, his joy deprived him of the power of utterance. Captain Durand and Pierre ran towards him, and we soon followed their steps. But what were our transports when we perceived a large alligator stretched lifeless along the shore, and which the retiring ebb had left upon the strand. It had no putrid smell, its flesh was fresh and white, and it seemed to have but that moment expired. To make a fire,— to broil what we intended to eat, and to hang slices in the smoke that we might preserve this precious gift of providence, were the business of an instant. How delicious was our repast! and with what ardour was it followed by the enterprize which we commenced!

By the evening of the next day we had collected together as much wood as was necessary for the construction of a second raft, and the most difficult part of our work was completed. We now had fears of nothing but a second tempest. The alligator afforded us sufficient nourishment, and drought was our only suffering. We had indeed habituated ourselves to the marshy water, which we drank in small quantities, and thereby experienced considerable relief without any great inconvenience. At length the moment

* "O maîtres blancs! vous pas tuyer "moi, pauvre La Prudence, faire tout pour "blancs; bon Dieu secourir nous!"

of our departure arrived, and after a quiet night which was followed by a magnificent sun-rise, we confided ourselves to our frail machine; while with one accord, we offered up an ardent and sincere prayer.

We were seven hours in making the voyage of those three leagues which separated us from the main land. We had departed praying, and we arrived praying. At the instant of our arrival we heard the lowing of an ox; we were on the borders of a forest, which we determined to enter and to make our way towards the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was however not before the next day that we arrived at a hut inhabited by a Creole family, who kept there a sort of sutling house, where the soldiers of the neighbouring station, who were undoubtedly the *Corps de Garde* mentioned by the English, came to regale themselves.

The commanding officer of the station being made acquainted with our arrival, came to see us, and had the complaisance to provide us with mules to carry us in two days to Batavano, and from thence to the Havanna, where in the house of M. Trabuc, receiver of the dues of the French government on prizes, who discharged the functions of commercial consul, all the aids of the most open and cordial hospitality. My companions had not less reason to be thankful for his kindness: he accommodated them with bed and board until each of them was able to exist on resources of his own.

LORD NELSON.

We present our readers with a delineation of a VASE, executed for *Alexander Davison, Esq.*, and dedicated to the Memory of his friend the late LORD NELSON. We propose to give a description of it in our next number.

POETRY.

THE BIRTH OF FRIENDSHIP.

Quand Jupiter fit la terre,
  Fit le ciel, enfin fit tout,
Il montra, dans cette affaire,
  Beaucoup d'esprit et de goût.

Par sa science profonde,
  A peine eut-il fait le jour,
Que, pour mieux repeupler le monde,
  Il imagina l'Amour.

Ensuite il fit la Sagesse,
  Qu'il tira de son cerveau;
Elle étoit d'une tristesse—
  C'étoit l'ennui peint en beau.

Un jour la jeune déesse
  (Ce fut par oubli, dit-on)
Voit l'Amour et le caresse;
  Ah! quelle distraction!

Dieu, qui sent bien la méprise,
  Craint que la divinité
Ne fasse quelque sottise,
  Qui l'eut fort déconcerté.

Par prudence, ou par finesse,
  On dit même par pitié,
Pour occuper la Sagesse,
  Il inventa l'Amitié.

T.

POETRY.

THE TEAR.

Written by the late Queen of Denmark.

How prone the bosom is to sigh!
How prone to weep the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of a Sigh and Tear!

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With every comfort that can cheer;
'Tis then bright Virtue's grateful Tear.

When every parting pang is o'er,
And friends long absent meet once more,
Fraught with delight and love sincere;
'Tis then sweet Friendship's joyful Tear.

When two fond Lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Far from the object each holds dear;
'Tis then, ah! then, the parting Tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear;
'Tis then the soft, the beauteous Tear.

When mothers—oh! the grateful sight,
Their children view with fond delight,
Surrounded by a charge so dear;
'Tis then the fond maternal Tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fondest vows are paid,
With fear and doubting hopes draw near;
'Tis then, oh! then, the pleading Tear.

But when the wretch with sin oppress'd,
Strikes in an agony his breast,
All torn with guilt, remorse, and fear;
'Tis then the best—the saving Tear!

MATILDA.

A HINT.

From the Italian.

As Dian round a copse had drawn
Her nets to catch the timid fawn,
Blithe Venus and her laughing loves,
Met the huntress of the groves.
"If I were Dian," cried the dame,
"I'd spread my nets for nobler game."
"If I were you," said Dian in a pet,
"I'd hold my tongue about a net."

THE OLD HORSE.

Mark in yon lane that miserable horse:
Worn out and old, he looks a living corse!
How dim his eye! how feeble is his gait,
And scarce his tottering limbs sustain their weight.
Those eyes perhaps once beam'd with generous fire!
With spirit lightened, or confess'd desire;
Unlike the vulgar herd disdain'd the earth,
And gazed on man as conscious of his worth:—
That wretched form had beauty once and grace,
Matchless for speed and foremost in the race;
Whirl'd, 'mid the gazing throng, the splendid car,
Follow'd the woodland horn, or rush'd to war.—
Yet could not all his former merits claim
A poor asylum for his aged frame!
Forc'd e'en for food to search the scanty waste,
Coarse food that palls upon his sicklied taste!
What joy or comfort, since he saw the light,
Has that poor fellow known, from morn to night?
From night to morn the agonizing scourge
And goring steel his fainting footsteps urge;
Till panting, breathless, rack'd in every vein,
At length he sinks exhausted on the plain:
Not one bright hour has cheer'd his long despair,
A youth of hardships and an age of care!—
Reward far different, on Arabia's plains,
The faithful service of the horse obtains;
Blest is the lot to him by fate assign'd!
The happiest and the fairest of his kind.
There no rude lash insults his generous pride,
No spur distains with blood his glossy side;
Cheer'd by his master's voice, he leaves behind
The flagging pinions of the following wind:—
Then, when the labour of the day is o'er,
His grateful master opes his bounteous store,
Talks to him, not unheeded, and repays
His toil with fond caresses and with praise:—
And when in sleep their weary eyelids close,
Beneath one tent together they repose:—
More than belov'd, he lives almost ador'd,
And more the friend than servant of his lord.
Scarce are those happier,—save that they are free
E'en from the galling shew of slavery,—
The steeds, that range at large Peruvia's plains,
Far from the tyrant man, and spurn his chains,
Alike his cruelty or care despise;
Nought seeking, save what nature's self supplies.

ALPHONSO; OR, THE NATURAL SON.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

THE Viscountess was still in the bloom of youth: her figure was elegant though rather tall, and she possessed those polished manners and gracefulness of person which rarely accompany us in the decline of life. Few ladies attired themselves with more taste and elegance, and therefore she held every one in the utmost contempt whose habiliments were indicative of economical simplicity. A splendid appearance certainly has its advantages in society: it generally produces much consideration and attention. The Viscountess's conversation was a mixture of prudery and levity; she often appeared ignorant of what had happened in the circle of her acquaintance, though she had heard it mentioned in a dozen different places, in order that she might hear additions, and have an opportunity of throwing out some ill-natured hints, or of relating some malignant anecdote. The Chevalier de Normin was of an inactive disposition; and tho' he never took part in the conversation of those who handled the characters of others with severity, yet he always listened with pleasure to those who did. His indolence preserved him from ambition, though he was generally very much respected by those he visited. Incapable of enjoying the pleasure of reflection and observation, solitude was insupportable to him. People of such supine dispositions are amused with whatever happens to engage the attention of the society they meet. Like children, they are delighted with trifles.—The Chevalier de Normin fell into a doze, while his companions around him were chatting.

The seasonable arrival of these new visitors delighted the Duchess: they might be of service to her in the plan she meditated. The first evening the little committee did not assemble, because the Viscountess, in the former part of it, introduced a dance, which was kept up rather later than usual. About a twelvemonth previous to this period Count d'Olmène professed a passion for the Viscountess, but this intrigue only lasted for a short time; the Viscountess broke it off abrubtly. The Count did not express much concern about it, though it wounded his consequence, which he never forgot or forgave. However, at this moment he was occupied in a fresh conquest at Paris. The Viscountess had now been in Alphonso's company several times; she was very much pleased with him; and as she intended to remain in the country three or four weeks, she formed some extravagant projects to engage his attention. We shall see what success attended them.

About eleven the following evening the Countess invited the Viscountess, the Commandant, and the Chevalier into another apartment, for the pleasure of a tête-a-tête. The Chevalier, as soon as he entered, stretched himself upon a sofa, beat up and placed the cushions with the intention of lying at his ease to listen to their discourse. The instant the rest were seated, the Viscountess began the conversation by a reflection on the happiness of quitting a busy fashionable circle, to enjoy the society of a few particular friends, to whom we are at liberty to open our minds freely. This is the common-place introduction of such as intend to relate, in confidence, some little illiberal reports and calumnies which have reached them, and the words "*between ourselves*" are very useful upon those occasions. During these sentimental observations the Chevalier lay sunk upon the cushions, eagerly attending to what was said. At length the Viscountess addressing herself to the Countess, "Well thought of," said she; "pray what has been passing here of late? I think there is a considerable alteration in the whole family. Herminia used to be remarkably serious and reserved, now she is as remarkable for vivacity and cheerfulness. Alphonso's behaviour too appears somewhat strange; and as for the Duchess, she is now seldom in a good humour. What can all

this mean?" Here the Chevalier's curiosity was excited, and he raised his head from the cushions, and propped himself up upon his elbow, anxiously waiting to hear the rest. The Commandant, with the air of one apprised of the whole affair, shrugged up his shoulders expressive of indignation. The Countess, delighted to find that full credit had been given to what she had reported, laughed heartily, and exclaimed "Strange things are passing here, I assure you: I told you something about it, yesterday," said she to the Viscountess, "if you recollect?"—"You did," replied she, "but I did not rightly understand you."—"Oh!" returned the Countess, "it is a fact, beyond a doubt—really there is no longer any mystery about it."—"Mystery about what?" said the impatient Chevalier; "I hope, ladies, you are not afraid to make me acquainted with the subject?" "Certainly not, Chevalier," replied the Viscountess; "no one need act with reserve towards you. Let the Chevalier know the whole affair," continued she, addessing herself to the Countess. "Well then, Alphonso has completely won over the affections of Herminia, and of course brought about a serious change in the family."—"Are you sure she loves him?" said the Chevalier. "Yes, but it is a very romantic, extravagant passion."—"Not very *romantic*," replied the Viscountess, smiling: "if what is asserted be true, her cruelty has not held out so long as is usual in Romances. Nay, there are not incidents enough to fill one volume, much less three or four."—"But what is said about her marriage, with the Count, in the midst of all this?"—"Why it is generally reported that it will take place about the beginning of winter," said the Countess.—"And so it will, I'll answer for it," replied the Visountess, "for you cannot suppose that this trifling amour will prevent the Count securing a good fortune."—"Well," said the Countess, "but I foresee that Herminia will not consent to have the Count, and then what is to be done?"—"This is going too far," replied the Commandant; "do you think her fool enough to reject his title?"—"I do not think about it," said the Countess; "I'll tell you my reasons—*but that's between ourselves*, mind." Here they all drew their chairs as close round her as possible. "I have it from good authority, that Herminia has made a promise of marriage——Ah! and then—Why you would stare, perhaps, if I were to add, that I had little doubt about their being already secretly married!" Here the Commandant rose hastily from his chair, and exclaimed aloud, "But does Mad. d'Oimène know this? She *seems* to be acquainted with the intrigue, at any rate, and I am astonished that she should be so silent about it—Pray do you know the reason?"—"Yes, very well; she is *obliged* to be silent."—"Why?"—"The Duke will not credit a word of it; and he has commanded her, in the most peremptory manner, not to mention the subject to him again."—"But that certainly is a most unaccountably misplaced confidence," returned the Commandant.—"He wishes to be thought a man of great judgment and penetration," said the Viscountess, "however I think him a great blockhead; but that is *between ourselves*."—"I am not of your opinion;" replied the Commandant; "he is a man of sound understanding, and there is that air of dignity about him that is rarely to be met with."—"Besides," added the Chevalier, smiling, "*there are few that give such excellent entertainments*, Commandant, as he does—But to return to our lovers—are they really married?"—"No, no, the Countess only says so; but I believe positively that it will not be long first."—"What age is he, pray?"—"I don't know for a certainty, though I fancy about nineteen."—"Oh! a mere boy! and a provincialist, I hear!"—"Yes."—"Egad, she was determined then to make a fine sober choice. Pray how does *he* act upon the occasion? does *he* appear desperately in love?"—"Oh! no, he thinks it natural that the wealthiest heiress in the kingdom should prefer him to the son of a duke." "Herminia is not formed to captivate much, though she certainly has a pretty face," said the Viscountess. "I cannot reconcile such extravagancies with such a serious deportment!—to fall violently in love with a country joskin of eighteen or a little more!"—Here the Chevalier began to hum the tune of "*Love is a deceitful boy*,"—and

the Viscountess united in the chorus; then asuming a serious air, "This ridiculous adventure" said she, "will make a fine noise in the world—the Count supplanted!—the girl dishonoured!"—"Dishonoured!" exclaimed the Chevalier, "how?"—"Oh! I'll soon tell you;—the Chevalier has not heard yet that he is a bastard!"—"Well, Love himself is a bastard."—"But, joking aside," said the Viscountess; "it certainly is a very unpleasant business."—"Unpleasant?" interrupted the Countess: "something more than that—it is monstrous—diabolical. Look at the ingratitude of Herminia and her gallant;—one patronized by the Duke, and admitted into his family; the other in her uncle has met with an instructor, a benefactor, nay a father.—But ingratitude is generally the lot of a benefactor. Monsieur and Madame D'Olmène have many enemies who will take care to ascribe the consequences to their imprudence and want of foresight, which they will assert admit of no excuse." "I'll answer for it they will not be at a loss to defend themselves," said the Chevalier, "they have been a good deal accustomed to that kind of warfare."—"That is a very malicious insinuation, Chevalier," replied the Countess. "Not at all; malice ought rather to be ascribed to those who misinterpret."—"But I did not; and it is well known, besides, that I have always felt the greatest esteem and regard for Madame D'Olmène; the Viscountess can testify it; though I do not mention it as a proof of my discernment and taste, nor do I mean it to be understood that it arises from a congeniality of disposition; because she varies and changes her character so often, that it would be indispensably necessary to be as fickle and fantastical as herself, in order to feel a fixed and steady friendship for her." This explanation excited a general laugh; and the Viscountess addressing herself to the Countess, "Sister," said she, "pray what is her present professed character—religious, witty, gloomy, romantic, or what?—But seriously she his a good manager in household affairs; she constantly examines the steward's accounts, works tapestry to furnish the Chateau—"—"And spins flax, I suppose?" "No, but she would not hesitate to do that, I dare say." After amusing themselves thus at the Duchess's expence, the Chevalier asked, "Pray what part does the sage Baron de Jussy act in the midst of all this—the guide, the counsellor, the oracle of Herminia?"—"Why, the part of a fool. With all his boasted understanding, he is completely duped. He is a lover himself; he believes whatever he is assured, in opposition to what he cannot help witnessing."—"Well, this would make an excellent comedy. A mere girl deceives a vigilant uncle and aunt, a cousin who is a pretended lover, and this dotard of a Baron!—ah! ah! ah! this sort of pastime is what you women are very fond of." As the Chevalier was pronouncing these words the two expiring tapers sunk in their sockets, and daylight peeped through the holes in the shutters, "Heavens!" cried the Viscountess, "how time steals by when we are engaged in *agreeable conversation!* Come, let us separate, it is four."—"No, no," said the Chevalier, again falling back on his cushion, "it will be ridiculous indeed to go to bed now; let us remain till breakfast-time."

None of the rest felt inclined to adopt the proposal. The Chevalier at length reluctantly rose, and they all retired to rest.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Viscountess, with all the art of a finished conquet, contrived to engross the whole of Alphonso's attention the following day, at dinner, without appearing to notice him in particular. At the usual hour for taking an airing the calashes were ordered. The Viscountess declared her intention of accompanying the Chevalier on horseback, but she well knew that Alphonso would be of the party, and that politeness would oblige him also to offer to attend her. When she had mounted, she observed, "I know every inch of ground in this neighbourhood; let me go first. I'll undertake to be your guide."—"But," said the Chevalier, smiling, "I fear you will take us out too far."—"That is just like the Chevalier," replied the Viscountess. "I know he is not a friend to much exertion."

Conversing in this familiar, easy way enabled her to conceal her real design. At

length she put her horse upon a full gallop, and her two 'squires followed her. Alphonso now turned his head and sighed. He could but just see Herminia's calash, which was a great distance behind, and in a moment he lost sight of it altogether. The Viscountess made directly for a wood, in spite of the assurances of the Chevalier that it was not the right road; and that if they pursued that route, they would infallibly miss the calashes. This was exactly what the Viscountess had planned; so that she rather increased than slackened her pace. As Herminia was now quite out of sight, Alphonso directed his attention to the Viscountess. He thought her enchanting, and indeed she appeared very much to advantage on horseback. Alphonso had discovered, from Herminia's behaviour, that she was not very much prepossessed in favor of the Viscountess, but he concluded that she did not do the Viscountess the justice to judge of her according to her usual unprejudiced liberality.

After riding about an hour in this way, they arrived on the confines of the wood.—The day began to disappear, and the Chevalier's servant, who followed at some distance, was totally ignorant of the country. When they reached the plain the Viscountess exclaimed—"I sincerely hope we are lost, if *Mr. Dormeuil* is not displeased with me."—Alphonso politely assured her that he felt much delighted with the adventure; but the Chevalier observed, that her want of consideration would probably oblige them to sup, and perhaps pass the night, in the fields.—"Yes," replied the Viscountess, "I am a little inconsiderate when I am on horseback."—The Chevalier smiled, and said he hoped she would speedily reform, then they should stand a chance of getting back to the Chateau in time for supper.—"No, no," cried the Viscountess, "I will not begin, at any rate, until to-morrow;" and immediately set off again at full speed. Alphonso laughed heartily, but the Chevalier was quite dispirited, for airings of this nature were by no means agreeable to him. At length the Chevalier espied a peasant crossing a field, and he ordered his servant to go and enquire the road back to the Chateau. The man pointed it out to him, but informed him that he was more than three leagues from it. The Viscountess did not like the idea of returning without meeting with some adventure; but observing that she had almost exhausted the Chevalier's patience—"Well," said she, with a sigh, "let us return—it is very cold."—"It surprises me that *you* should find it so," replied the Chevalier.—"Why?"—"Because novelty in general amuses us sufficient to divert our attention from such trifles."—The Viscountess took care not to let Alphonso see that this retort mortified her.

It was now almost nine in the evening. In a short time the sky became overcast, and a deluge of rain descended, which obliged them to take shelter in a neighbouring cottage. On entering, she saw a young woman surrounded by three sweet children, undressed and upon their knees, repeating a prayer after their mother. The Viscountess seemed highly interested and charmed with the scene. She caressed the children affectionately, and made many seasonable remarks upon the happiness of a retired country life. The Chevalier yawned during the whole of this moral dissertation, which he would rather have been some distance on the road than have listened to: but the *Viscountess* was so much delighted with the cottager's wife, that she promised to return the next morning, to partake of their frugal breakfast. The Chevalier and Alphonso engaged to be of the party, though it was much against the will of the former. When the rain abated, they set off for the Chateau, and arrived there about half past ten.

The Viscountess entered the drawing-room dripping wet, with her hair all in disorder. They were waiting supper for her. The Duchess had been attentively watching every feature and motion of Herminia during the evening. Several marks of impatience, uneasiness, and discontent escaped her. It was concluded that the Viscountess had inspired her with jealousy, and the Countess did all in her power to promote it. The Viscountess received the

most flattering attentions from the Duchess and Countess, on her return: they laughed heartily at what she related, spoke, in the warmest terms of her beauty and elegance in the presence of Alphonso, and upon the whole, pretended to be quite charmed with her. A large fire was immediately ordered, to enable her to dry her clothes, as it was agreed that her disordered appearance, and the dress she wore, rendered her more fascinating: so she was entreated not to change it.—When women, from whatever motive they do it, undertake to set off one of their own sex, they succeed wonderfully: they know what sort of praises will be the most acceptable; and their eulogiums are always accompanied with an air of sincerity.

The Viscountess did not forget to speak of her cottage adventure, and her engagement the following morning. When they sat down to supper, she placed herself between the Chevalier and Alphonso. During the remainder of the evening she conversed with the utmost gaiety and chearfulness, and behaved in every respect like a coquet, anxious to mortify her rival. When the Chevalier had got over a little of his fatigue, he recovered his spirits. He clearly saw through the Viscountess's designs, and he did his utmost to promote them.

Alphonso was seduced by the flattering attentions paid the Viscountess, as well as by the affability and encouragement he met with from herself. The *tout ensemble* inflamed his imagination, engrossed his whole thoughts, and his only anxiety was how he should interest and please so charming and elegant a woman. But in spite of his infatuation, Herminia, who sat opposite him, proved a terrible check. Those looks which until this moment he never encountered without feeling the tenderest emotion, were now unwelcome; though he was not sorry that Herminia was a witness of the impression he had made upon the Viscountess. Few young men of his age are to be found, whose vanity will not sometimes mislead their reason. Herminia, though she did all in her power to conceal it, appeared pensive and melancholy. Every word she uttered was attended with embarrassment. She felt it herself, and this increased her confusion.

After supper the Viscountess, addressing herself to Herminia, asked her, with feigned concern, if she were unwell; adding, with an air of triumph, that *she seemed to be quite in pain.* Herminia coloured, and replied, that as it was very late, she might appear a little fatigued, perhaps, for that she certainly felt so. As this answer was returned very drily, the Viscountess had no doubt of the nature of Herminia's sentiments. She looked stedfastly at her, as if anxious to guess what had ruffled her temper, and then turned toward the Countess with a most malignant smile. Alphonso, who was at this moment talking with the Chevalier at the other end of the room, did not see what was passing. Herminia almost immediately left the drawing-room, and retired to her chamber. The rest of the company remained up at least three hours after her; and the Duchess, contrary to her custom, behaved with the utmost politeness towards Alphonso, who, encouraged by her kindness and by the general approbation, entered unreservedly into the conversation. He would willingly have spent the whole night in this way, but the Viscountess called to recollection the approaching engagement. The Chevalier in vain entreated that the hour of departure might be delayed: the Viscountess reminded him she had promised the cottager's wife to set off from the Chateau at eight, and that she would not forfeit her word. She rose from her seat to retire. Alphonso offered her his arm, and conducted her to her chamber. As she was entering the room, she turned round, and requested him to be exact to the time. "Be assured," continued she, "that without *your* company, Alphonso, this journey would *not* be very agreeable. I am by *no* means anxious for a tête-à-tête with the Chevalier."—At these words she hurried in, as if fearful she had spoken her sentiments too freely; and as she closed the door, she called out—"To-morrow morning, Alphonso, at eight precisely."—Alphonso with the utmost emotion hastened to his apartment; there, throwing

himself into an arm-chair, he remained for some time in the greatest agitation, grieved to find himself alone, and dreading to reflect on the past events of the day. The strictest and most rigid principles of honour and integrity had been implanted in his breast. They had always guided his conduct. Most other fashionable young men would have been delighted with the adventure, but it was far different with him. Whenever he was engaged in any thing out of the ordinary routine of the affairs of the day, he had always accustomed himself to consider Melania present, witnessing his discourse and conduct, and he would inwardly ask whether she approved or censured; but upon this occasion he had no doubt that she would condemn him. In reasoning with himself, he considered the Viscountess as amiable and ingenuous, though a little unguarded; he could not help confessing that he had felt anxious to please her, and that he had used his endeavours to gain her confidence: but——she was married!—He looked upon himself almost in the light of a seducer, when he reflected that, in spite of this recent impression, he in reality felt no affection for the Viscountess, because he tenderly loved another.—Here Herminia presented herself to his imagination; this increased his uneasiness. "I cannot support the idea," he exclaimed, "of Herminia's displeasure.—I am sure she possesses a sincere friendship for me, but she is a little too severe; her looks censured me this evening; I observed it, and I had the folly to be flattered at it, as if jealousy had occasioned it!—Fool!—What am I saying?—Ought I even to wish our sentiments were mutual?—Ah!—I hope I shall always respect her peace of mind, and the rights of hospitality!—No, no, I will not be instrumental in dishonouring her, by removing her from that distinguished situation fate has assigned her. Our souls may be congenial, but the avowal must never pass our lips.—Oh! Herminia, I know you suspect my sentiments, but your ear shall never be shocked with a confession of them."

Alphonso spent a considerable time, engaged in these gloomy thoughts and painful reflections upon the unfortunate situation of his birth. Broad day-light at length roused him from his reverie; he threw himself upon the bed with his clothes on, after having given orders to Narcissus to call him a little after seven.

CHAP. XXV.

Narcissus awoke Alphonso at the appointed time, and he rose to prepare himself for the journey.—Gloomy thoughts are easily dissipated and effaced at that age. He had only slept four hours; all that had engaged his mind before, had vanished, and he now felt an anxious desire to see the Viscountess once again. The beauty of the morning, and the pleasure of the excursion, engrossed his whole thoughts. He was soon equipped, and eight o'clock was striking as he left his chamber to go to the stable; but as it was necessary to pass through a yard into which the windows of Herminia's anti-chamber opened, how great was his trouble and astonishment on beholding her standing at that window!—He changed colour, and stopt to salute her. Herminia regarded him for a moment in silence; then in a solemn and pensive tone she exclaimed, "Farewell, Alphonso, farewell!"—How terrible was this farewell!—What reproaches did it contain!—Yet how expressive of tenderness!—Herminia immediately shut the window, and retired.—Alphonso stood fixt to the spot.—All the enchantment of the morning's excursion vanished.—His eyes continued fastened upon the window, and he now felt only one desire, that of beholding Herminia once again.—What would he not have given to obtain one more look?—He flattered himself she was watching him, though he could not perceive *her*, and he joined his hands with the most suppliant air.—In two or three minutes the window gently opened again, and a beautiful hand appeared extended over the balcony, and dropped a little note into the yard. Alphonso flew towards it, seized it, pressed it to his bosom, and, turning round hastily, regained the staircase leading to his chamber: but how great was his embarrassment and consternation on perceiving the Viscountess dressed *à la chasse*, descending, cheerfully, to meet him!—

"Ah!" cried she, "this is, indeed, a sympathetic exactness! What, both ready to set off at the same moment! Faith, Alphonso, you look charmingly this morning!" She advanced to take Alphonso's arm, to descend with him, but he drew back bewildered!—The Viscountess, who concluded she had almost turned his brain, mistook the cause of his confusion, and smiling, enquired "what was the matter."—She waited for his *declaration*, but Alphonso summoning up all his fortitude, at length replied, in broken accents, "that he was in the utmost despair; his horse had lost one of his shoes——was sick."—"What, Sir?" exclaimed the Viscountess, in a tone of astonishment and impatience.—"Why, Madam," said Alphonso, "I have to lament that I am deprived of the pleasure of attending you this morning."—"Oh! very well, Sir," returned the Viscountess coolly, and immediately left him with a scornful smile. Alphonso flew to his chamber, shut the door, opened Herminia's note, which was written with a pencil, and read as follows:—

"Give up your morning's excursion. The most tender and disinterested friendship entreats this sacrifice."—"Thank Heaven!" cried Alphonso, I had formed that resolution before I knew her wish! Ah! Herminia, what, reduced to the necessity of entreating in order to be obeyed! Henceforth you and Melania shall direct my fate; and I only desire existence, that I may endeavour to deserve your united tenderness and regard.—Filial love and sacred friendship shall fill my soul, and purify my sentiments! Why should I accuse my fate? It ought to suffice that I am beloved!" As he spoke, the tears trickled down his cheeks; but whilst he was thus giving way to the tenderest of feelings, malice was up in arms against him. The Viscountess, enraged at his behaviour towards her, flew to the Countess's room to relate what had passed; but to her utmost surprise, instead of finding her as she expected, still asleep, she discovered her *tête-a-tête*, in the anti-chamber, with the Commandant.—"Well," cried the Countess, as she entered the room, "so Alphonso has made up his mind to remain with us to-day, has he?"—"And how came you to know that," cried the Viscountess, affecting an air of the utmost unconcern.—"I will relate to you a very novel scene," said the Countess. "A superior decree *obliges* the young man to stop at home, very much against his inclination, I assure you. I give you my word he was very much grieved at it; but I have not come here to destroy the peace of any part of the family."—"But tell me," interrupted the Viscountess, "how you came to know that he is *forced* to give up the excursion?"—The Countess then confessed, that being suspicious of what would happen, she rose early, and stood at a window opposite Herminia's, with the blinds down, where she could observe every thing that passed; that she saw Herminia stop Alphonso as he was going through the yard, and drop him a letter.—Here the Commandant interrupted the recital, exclaiming, "that such behaviour was scandalous and indecent, and that it was highly proper to inform the Duke aud Duchess of it."—At this moment the Chevalier entered.——It had struck nine! He was still half asleep, and somewhat out of temper at the thoughts of the morning's excursion, which was much against his will, but he rubbed his eyes in order that he might learn what subject had drawn them together so early; when, suddenly, the Commandant exclaimed, in an imperious tone, "No! we must not suffer such a want of decency and decorum; and I take upon myself to make the young man sensible, that when Madame de Nelmur does him the honor to invite him to attend her, and he engages to do so, *nothing* can authorise his breaking the engagement."—"You must be persuaded, Commandant," cried the Viscountess, "that *I* am very little concerned about it. On the contrary, this petty intrigue amuses me."—"But," said the Commandant, "pray what excuse does he make for his conduct?"—"He says his horse is sick and wants shoeing."—"Well done!" cried the Commandant, "I'll go and offer him mine; and I'll answer for it that in less than five minutes he shall make his appearance here."—With this he hastily left the room, and knocked at Alphonso's

chamber. He entered with a serious air, and found him sitting at a small table, on which were several books.—"Mr. Dormeuil," said he, "I am informed that for want of a horse you are deprived of the happiness of attending Madame the Viscountess de Nelmur, in her excursion this morning. I need not tell you, that it is a great favor to be admitted to such an honor. You undoubtedly know how to appreciate it. My horse is a very good one, I will lend it you with pleasure; indeed I have already given orders to saddle it. Come, let us go and join Madame de Nelmur and the rest; they are waiting for us.—Come."—Although the Commandant intended to speak in a tone of affability and friendship, as if he were entirely ignorant of what had passed, there was too much vehemence and warmth in his expressions not to discover that it was meant as a severe reproof. Alphonso, too much exasperated to feel embarrassed, coolly replied that he thanked the Commandant for his kindness, but he could not take advantage of his offer, as he had something of consequence to do, which would occupy the whole of the morning!—On hearing this unexpected reply, the Commandant stood as if petrified; but a moment after, in the most haughty manner, he exclaimed—"Well! reflect upon the consequences, Mr. Dormeuil; reflect upon the consequences, I say!"—Alphonso smiled. "I flatter myself," replied he, "the Commandant will dispense with my reflecting much upon a subject of so little importance." "Oh! little importance!" exclaimed the Commandant in a rage, which he could no longer conceal, "of little importance in the neighbourhood of Besançon, perhaps; but let me tell you, that such treatment is never offered with impunity to a lady of her rank."—"And I must tell the Commandant likewise, that I am not of an age to begin my education over again; and that the trouble he condescends to take with me, in this instance, is consequently useless."—This reply so much irritated the Commandant, that fearing lest he should not be able to keep his passion within bounds, he turned about and left the room abruptly; but continued muttering all the way, from Alphonso's door until he rejoined his companions.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Commandant's anger and indignation were sincerely participated in, both by the Countess and Viscountess; the latter in particular was highly incensed, although she affected to treat Alphonso's conduct with contempt and indifference: but the whole affair very much amused the Chevalier, who was little interested in any thing that was passing. He considered the world as a stage. He was only pleased with it when the scenes were varying, and the raillery of the actors was pointed. He put the Viscountess in spirits, by observing that it would still be an amiable undertaking *for two*; so they both mounted, and set off to fulfil their promise, and got back a little before dinner.—But the time passed at table this day was different to that passed at supper the evening before. The Duchess, informed of the whole affair by the Countess, was, as may be expected, greatly exasperated, and darted most furious looks at Herminia and Alphonso, who, both calm and serene, braved the tempest, highly satisfied with each other's conduct, and conversed together with apparent unconcern.

The Viscountess affected the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, and now and then jocosely attacked Alphonso; but her pleasantries were evidently forced. A poignant irony accompanied them.

Affection betrays itself in melancholy; coquetry, frustrated in its hopes, is betrayed by its malice and animosity. The Viscountess now appeared in her real character, completely unmasked; and Alphonso heartily congratulated himself that he had escaped her snares. The Chevalier took no part in these little plots and intrigues; Nature had blest him with a generous heart and a liberal mind, and he always extended his protection to those whom the world seemed to persecute. Herminia, as well as Alphonso, was ignorant that the Countess had watched her in the morning, and she concluded that Alphonso's conduct towards the Viscountess was the sole cause of the Duchess's coolness,

After dinner Alphonso retired to his apartment. The party proposed going out for an airing, but they did not invite Herminia to accompany them. When they were gone, she went down into the garden, and, unintentionally, took the path that was opposite Alphonso's windows. Alphonso saw her, and hastened down immediately to join her. From a sentiment of pride as well as delicacy, she resolved to remain in front of the Chateau. She thought that as it was so open a spot, it could not be construed into a *tête-a-tête* with Alphonso, and that by not making a mystery of the meeting, there would be little room for censure.—" Alphonso," said she, " I gladly take advantage of an opportunity to speak to you, which may never happen again. My friendship for you induced me to endeavour to preserve you from a dangerous seduction. I assure you there is a great deal of artifice and deception about the Viscountess; but consult Melvil, he is well acquainted with her real character."—" Can I require any assurance but your's? and I must likewise inform you, that before I read your note I had determined to give up the Viscountess's acquaintance, and in future to behave with as much reserve towards her as possible. One look was sufficient to convince me I was acting indiscretely; I needed nothing more." " Alphonso! I hope you are sensible that the step which I took this morning was nothing more than the dictates of such an affection as brothers and sisters possess for each other." " Oh! what other affection can we feel?" " If there really existed in our breasts those sentiments which our enemies ascribe to us, you would pass for ever, in the general opinion, as a man void of delicacy and honor. The protection and asylum which the Duke affords you are sacred claims upon your duty and gratitude; and as to myself, my reputation would suffer in society if I were to refuse the hand of the Count, in order to fulfil the prediction that is gone abroad."— " Why," interrupted Alphonso, " do you employ so many reasons about that which cannot exist.—The circumstances of my birth alone would of course render it impossible." " From the moment you confided that secret to me, I felt a friendship for you which can only terminate with my existence."—" Well, then, may I claim your confidence on one particular subject?"—" What is that?"—" Have you positively determined not to marry the Count?" — " Yes."— " And you have formed no other attachment?"—" No. Friendship shall always occupy the place of love!"—" Such," said Alphonso, " would have been my reply, if you had put the same question to me."— Here a moment's silence ensued; each dreading to proceed. They had both formed the design to disguise their sentiments, and to prevent even any suspicion of their existence—they had just given each other assurances of the most tender attachment. This passion, in spite of all our care to conceal it, will discover itself in a *tête-a-tête* a little prolonged. Herminia endeavoured to persuade herself that she had penetrated Alphonso's sentiment without his discovering the nature of hers. Alphonso, on his part, entertained the same idea.—" Alphonso," said Herminia, " I suspect we are observed, but in spite of the ill-natured conjectures of malice, let us enjoy that pure and noble sentiment which unite us. Let us mutually promise that absence shall not destroy it." At these words, Alphonso, carried away by an irresistible impulse, threw himself at the feet of Herminia. She started, and turned aside, pale and confused. Each looked at the other without daring to offer a word. At this moment they heard the noise of a horse galloping towards them. Alphonso, dismayed, rose hastily to separate from Herminia, but she called to him to stop. " The purity of our affection," said she, " ought to raise us above fear, but you have just expressed it by an emotion which is unworthy both of you and myself. Henceforward, Alphonso, let us love each other without demonstrations." It was thus the trembling Herminia endeavoured to calm her agitated mind by romantic reasonings, the fallacy of which she too strongly felt. She now walked towards the house; Alphonso followed her in silence. At this moment Herminia perceived the Chevalier de Normin making up to them. " Our ex-

cursion has not been very long," said he; "the Duchess was seized with a violent head-ach, which obliged her to return on foot, as the motion of the carriage encreased it. I expect her this way in a few minutes." Herminia easily discovered that this information was intended as a warning. She took it very kindly of the Chevalier, though she determined at the same time not to profit by it; and with a smile she replied, "Well, let us all go and meet her." The Chevalier was quite confounded at this proposition, though he could not help admiring her firmness and confidence. Herminia, in effect, escorted by the Chevalier and Alphonso, took the path which led to the gate, and in a few minutes they met the Duchess and the rest of the company returning. The Duchess, on seeing Alphonso with Herminia, expressed her surprise by such a distortion of her features, that the Chevalier made that a pretence for enjoying a hearty laugh; but Herminia appeared so calm, collected, and unembarrassed, that she completely awed the Duchess, who did not think it prudent to open her lips about it. In the evening several visitors arrived; among the rest the Baron de Jussy. Herminia felt a little embarrassed on seeing him again, and this was considerably augmented by the appearance of the youthful and innocent Zoa. She retired early, not to rest, but to give way to the most painful reflections. "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed she, "to behold him at my feet! he loves me ardently! Poor Zoa has reposed her soul's dearest interest in me, and I have been indiscreet enough to confess similar sentiments even to the object of her affections! I ought not to have exposed myself to an interview: but I will certainly not act perfidiously; every sacrifice will I cheerfully undergo. I shall have the consolation, at any rate, to reflect that I have acted with integrity and generosity; and will not this be an ample recompense?"

CHAP. XXVII.

Alphonso's mind was not in a more tranquil state, but he resolved to quit the Duke's family as soon as possible, in order that absence might assist him to remove Herminia from his thoughts. Whilst these two lovers were suffering in secret all the anguish of mind which their mutual affection and conscientious principles produced, a deadly hatred was devising every means to injure them. There was a receiving-box for the letters which were written at the Chateau, in order that the postman might get them all without delay, and the Duchess used always to keep a key of it. A desire of vengeance induced her to violate this sacred trust. The Countess acquiesced; and two letters, addressed from Alphonso to Melvil, were intercepted. Nothing particular was found in the first; the second contained every thing they desired. The confirmation of this mutual attachment transported the Duchess to phrensy, but she was consoled at the idea of having it now in her power to humble Herminia, and ruin her lover. It was agreed that she should take no notice of what she had discovered until the Duke's return; but notwithstanding, she could not help treating Herminia more imperiously than ever she had dared to do before; and the Countess a Viscountess, in imitation of the Duchess, behaved with pointed rudeness towards her, even in the presence of the whole society. Herminia returned contempt for outrage. In the mean time the Countess secretly instructed every one that came down in the *intrigue*, which she exaggerated and painted in the darkest colours possible. The utmost indignation was of course in general expressed at Herminia's conduct, from the base reports of a woman whom nobody, at the same time, esteemed.

Alphonso received a letter from Melvil in the evening, informing him that an order from his Majesty obliged him to set off for London, without delay, upon a secret mission, but that he would return in about three weeks. Melvil indeed was not apprised of the appointment until his instructions were sent him, and he was indebted for it to the interest of a relation who had just come into the ministry. Alphonso was very much grieved at this sudden separation, as he was anxious to make Melvil acquainted with his fixed determination to leave the

Duke's immediately; but now he resolved not to take any step until Melvil's return. The Duchess received a letter from the Duke, informing her that he was detained at Paris upon some business, and that he wished her to be at the town house on the following day, which she communicated to her guests, and they all prepared for their departure. The Chevalier de Normin, to the great displeasure of the Duchess, her female friends, and the Commandant, entreated Alphonso to take part of his curricle, which he accepted.—"The Chevalier's conduct," said the Duchess, addressing herself to her friends, "surprises me beyond conception." "Oh!" replied the Viscountess, "you know the nature of his disposition very well; he could not travel without a companion, he would be wretched; so he invited the first that came in his way, without reflecting." "It was expected that he would accommodate some one of the company, but to make choice of Mr. Dormeuil is very strange!" "Why, Madam?" said Herminia, "if Mr. Dormeuil's society is more agreeable to him than any other?" "Pray," returned the Duchess, "are you taking the part of the Chevalier or Mr. Dormeuil?" "Both, Madam." "And how has Mr. Dormeuil contrived to inspire you with so warm an interest in what concerns him?" "Every generous mind ought to be interested in defending the innocent from the illiberal attacks of malevolence!" "I advise you," replied the Duchess, "not to suffer those romantic sentiments to carry you too far. They may perhaps"—Herminia rose to retire; Zoa was preparing to follow her, as usual, but the Duchess ordered her to remain. "It is my wish," said she, "that from this moment you do not go out of my sight again: you have been exposed to the evils of a corrupt example too long." "Oh! I am sure I have not," cried Zoa, bursting into tears. "Hold your tongue, and do as I desire," exclaimed the Duchess, in a violent rage. Those who were present were highly delighted at what was passing, though out of decency they affected to retire, but the Duchess entreated them to be seated again. Herminia had reached the door, but she retured with the candle in her hand, advanced towards the Duchess, and addressing her, "Madam," said she, "I have come back to inform you that I shall not accompany you to Paris to-morrow, but go thither alone. I shall immediately order post horses to be ready for me at daybreak." "I hope you will reflect well upon the indecency of such a step," replied the Duchess; "and what carriage is to convey you?" "My own—that which was my father's." "But I will not suffer such an absurdity!" "Let me tell you, Madam, that you have no business to interfere; you are not my guardian." "I could easily silence her," said she, turning to her friends, but—"—"I will have a little conversation with you to-morrow, Mademoiselle, in presence of your uncle." Herminia made no reply, but left the room. The Duchess then ordered a bed to be made up for Zoa in her study, and not where she commonly slept, which was in the next room to Herminia. Zoa burst into tears as soon as she heard the directions given, which exposed her to very severe reproof; after which the Duchess dismissed her. As soon as she had left the room, the Countess, Viscountess, and the Commandant broke out against Herminia for her rude behaviour and impertinence, as they termed it; and complimented the Duchess upon her fair and dignified manner of treating her. After several other unmerited encomiums, they held a consultation, and came to a decision that it would be policy for the Duchess to set off before Herminia. The horses were ordered to be put to immediately; the Duchess sent in a hurry to Zoa, who was undressing herself, and in a quarter of an hour they all left the Chateau together, except Herminia.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Duchess, on her arrival at Paris, found neither the Duke nor her son; they were at Versailles, and it was uncertain at what hour the Duke would return. Herminia did not arrive till three hours after the Duchess. She had not the smallest knowledge of the Duchess's real design though, she was greatly surprised at her arrogance and rudeness;

but she very rightly imagined that the Duchess would not have dared to treat her with so much disrespect, if she were not certain she possessed a decided advantage over her. When Herminia was sent for to breakfast, she went down and found the Duchess alone with Zoa, who, as soon as she beheld Herminia, burst into tears, and ran to receive her. The Duchess was highly offended at this act of Zoa, concluded it was done out of opposition and bravado, and in a peremptory tone ordered her to retire instantly to her chamber. She obeyed, but not until she had embraced Herminia in the most tender and affectionate manner. When Zoa was gone, "May I presume, Madam," said Herminia, "to ask you the reason of this unmerited treatment?" "Can you have the face to ask?" replied the Duchess.—"Explain yourself, Madam: I have nothing to reproach myself with." Hurried away by malice and resentment, the Duchess drew the intercepted letter from her pocket, "There," exclaimed she, "is something from M. Dormeuil, which chance has thrown in my way: it contains the whole mystery of your disgraceful intrigue; blush at it." "I do blush, Madam, but it is on your account. What, contrary to the dictates of honour and decency, basely to violate a trust which every one respects as sacred! and from the worst of motives to intercept and break open a letter in your own house!" "Your indiscreet, disgraceful conduct authorised it. Listen to the contents of it, and justify yourself if you can." She then unfolded the letter, and read as follows:

"My dearest friend, how much I stand in need of your advice! I love her to distraction—she knows it, and our hearts, alas! are but too much in unison—How shall I act?—what step must I take?—Direct me—dont' delay your return. I have formed a project which I wish to submit to you, but I must tell you beforehand it will be useless to attempt dissuading me from it. I am surrounded with spies on every side; pray hasten your return."

After having heard the contents of the letter, Herminia cooly replied, that she should not condescend to offer any thing in justification of her conduct to any one but her uncle; "But the first opportunity I have," continued she, "of letting him know my sentiments, I shall request that you may be present." She then rose from her seat, left the Duchess to ponder over what she had just heard, and returned to her apartment.

The Duke arrived sooner than was expected: the Duchess sent word that she wished to speak with him immediately, and as soon as he entered the room, "I can at length", said she, "convince you, I think, that my suspicions are not unjust, groundless, and ridiculous, as you were pleased to term them." This prologue very much offended the Duke, and he asked her in an angry impatient tone what she meant. The Duchess then gave him Alphonso's letter. The Duke did not express that surprise, on reading the contents, which the Duchess anticipated; on the contrary, he began to make a thousand excuses for Alphonso's attachment. "I confess," said he, "this is a certain proof of the nature of their sentiments; but after all, it is much better for Herminia to have a fancy for Alphonso, whom she cannot marry, than to possess the intention I had ascribed to her, of giving her hand to the Baron de Jussy. Let her have a lover, that is of no great consequence, if she marry my son. It will be most prudent to seem to wink at this affair. Don't let her know that it is even suspected, and I will press the marriage. We must contrive to set her at variance with the Baron, who is her principal adviser; and the better to bring it about, we must secretly inform him of this intrigue: he will be highly exasperated at it no doubt, for I am convinced she has hid it from him; and the consequence will be that he will refuse to see her, and then we shall have an opportunity of disposing of her as we please." The Duchess was quite confounded when she heard the nature of the Duke's design, which she knew could not be put in practice, as she had been foolish enough to disclose the contents of the letter to Herminia; and as she could devise no means of concealing it she confessed what she had done. This, as might be apprehended, threw the Duke into a violent passion: the only plan on which he could hope for success was rendered abortive.

"Your irritable, haughty disposition," said he, "will deprive your son of the most considerable fortune in France." "I shall easily be consoled," replied the Duchess. "I would much rather he should marry one less rich and more virtuous." "What do you mean by more virtuous? That letter does not reveal any thing like a criminal intrigue; besides, *your son is not a saint*, and of what consequence is it to him her having a lover, whom, as I said before, she can never marry. Is that a sufficient reason for his abandoning an income of a hundred thousand livres?" "But so inferior a lover will—" "Will what? why make less noise in the world. In fact, Madam, I must tell you, that if this marriage does not take place, I shall be forced to render an account of my trust; and if that should ever happen, I am ruined!" As he finished these words, a footman entered to tell him Herminia wished to speak with him immediately, if he were disengaged. On hearing this, the Duke endeavoured to resume a calm and serene air, and then gave orders that she might be introduced. In a moment Herminia entered the room perfectly cool and collected. He requested her to be seated, and then taking up the letter, "I understand you have already been made acquainted with what this letter contains," said he; "it is evident from it that Alphonso has so far forgot himself as to presume to make you a declaration of love; and he goes so far, I see, as to assert your sentiments are congenial with his own." "Uncle," replied Herminia, "I pledge myself the letter contains nothing of the kind."—"What!" interrupted the Duchess, "have you the face to deny it?" "Madam," returned Herminia, "I am addressing myself to my uncle; he is the only person I intend to come to an explanation with!" "She is perfectly right," said the Duke, turning towards the Duchess, "and I will thank you to leave us, or else not interupt us.—Proceed Herminia." "I have only to add that I am not the person hinted at in the letter." This unexpected assertion quite disconcerted the Duchess: she raised her eyes and shruggedup her shoulders in silence, while the Duke, with an air of the utmost credulity, enquired, "Who then can it be?" "Zoa," said Herminia. "Zoa," exclaimed the Duchess, "impossible! I wont believe it! The story, rely upon it, is made up on purpose." "Zoa, I say," returned Herminia, in a tone of the utmost firmness, "loves Alphonso, and further, she has entrusted her sentiments to me, and I have promised to afford them both every necessary protection." "But," interupted the Duke, "this would be highly improper and ridiculous, for Alphonso possesses no fortune, and we have already concluded an excellent match for Zoa." "Be assured," cried the Duchess, "Herminia will be too attentive to the voice of her *own* feelings to forward the feigned amour she has just mentioned." Herminia did not deign to reply to the Duchess's mean insinuation, and continuing to address herself to her uncle. "I possess the sincerest affection for Zoa, I assure you, and in order that she may be blest with the enjoyment of the man she loves, I intend to present her with the half of my fortune." The Duke and Duchess stared with astonishment at this strange declaration. Truth carries conviction, and the Duke and Duchess were now almost persuaded Herminia was really sincere in what she said: but after a little reflection they began to suspect it to be the dictates of artifice, intended to throw them off their guard by misleading them. The Duke, however, consoled himself by thinking, that admitting it to be really her intention, he should not find it very difficult to prevent its accomplishment. "Herminia," said the Duke, "if you consider a moment, I am sure you will be sensible of the extravagance of your intention; besides you are not yet of an age to take upon yourself the management of your own concerns." "I am two-and-twenty, and at that age the law allows me to do what I will with my property, though I may not be capable of employing it to the greatest advantage: I will defer it, however, if it be thought requisite, until Zoa is of age." "But Zoa is entirely dependent on us, and I shall insist on her refusing this donation." "I do not believe that a distant relation, although a benefactor, can prevent his *protégée* from receiving a legitimate fortune, when tendered

to her." "However, I will take care to prevent the accomplishment of the other part of your intention: Zoa shall be married in less than eight days, rely upon it." "Then you will be guilty of injustice and tyranny, and I hope Zoa will have courage to resist it!" "But Herminia, there is no necessity for proceeding to extremes in this affair; I think I can easily find a way of reconciling every party. Marry my son, and we will bring about a union between Alphonso and Zoa. I will procure Alphonso an honourable and lucrative situation under government, and you will be at liberty to add something handsome to the fortune I intend to give her: this will be the means of promoting the happiness and advantage of your young friend, as well as of the whole family." The Duchess highly applauded this plan, and then suddenly assuming an air of the utmost kindness, she warmly seconded the Duke's entreaty, and offered several arguments in support of the policy and propriety of such an arrangement. Herminia sat silent with her eyes stedfastly fixed upon the ground, till at length being earnestly requested to mention her sentiments upon what she had heard proposed. "It is a very painful task," said she, "formally to declare what you must certainly have anticipated, and of course expect to hear. It is my positive determination not to change my situation, and consequently not to marry the Count." "Then it is at least but right that you should give some reason for breaking off a marriage fixed by the will of your father, and determined on from your infancy." "I could give you a very sufficient reason for my conduct, if I chose, but it would, I fear, be of such a nature as would not be very desirable for you to be made acquainted with, nor very pleasant to your feelings!" "Of whatever nature it may be, pray let us know it, without disguise or hesitation." "Well, then, the Count's improper and immoral conduct have lost him my esteem for ever." "I am confident," interrupted the Duchess, "that you have suffered yourself to be misled by base calumnies: his conduct and morals are universally known to be irreproachable." "I beg your pardon, Madam, I must certainly be permitted to believe what I was an eye witness to myself." "What then, pray, have you been an eye witness to?" "Something which my respect for you has prevented me from mentioning before." "Well!" "About two years ago, Monsieur the Count D'Olmène tried every means he could devise in order to corrupt the principles of one who was, at that period, a mere child, a relation of your's, your protégée: Madam, I mean Zoa, who was not then more than fourteen! One day, supposing me out, and learning that Zoa was in my study, he went thither: I happened, however, to be in my chamber; in a short time I heard the most violent shrieks: I was certain it was Zoa's voice. I instantly flew to the spot, and I found Zoa struggling in his arms."—"But at that period he himself was not eighteen, and I do not think that an error of youth can authorise a breach of so sacred an engagement." "Sacred engagement! why I have never made any engagement; and if I really had, such an act would have determined me to break it, without hesitation." The Duke and Duchess pleaded their son's cause very warmly, but Herminia persevered in the same resolution with unshaken firmness; at length the Duke, finding all in vain, and highly incensed, put an end to the discourse by triumphantly exclaiming, "That at any rate he was yet master of Zoa, and that he would take care she should be united to the man who had solicited her hand before the expiration of eight days."

CAAP. XXIX.

Alphonso's intercepted letter had excited in the mind of Herminia a thousand different sensations; she could not help being pleased with the certainty of being passionately loved, at the same time she reproached herself for having discovered the nature of her own sentiments and Alphonso's, and was very much mortified to think he had mentioned them to Melvil. She was now fully determined to sacrifice her own feelings, and to oppose the Duke and Duchess in their plan, to the utmost of her power; but how could she hope for success, unless she could contrive to inspire Alphonso with an affection for Zoa, and

in order to bring it about, she wrote him the the following note:

"The Duchess has been base and dishonorable enough to intercept and read your last letter to Melvil. You have spoken of me in a very unguarded way in that letter, and I had no other means left of removing the impression it had made than by affirming that Zoa, and not myself, was the person mentioned in it. Indeed I must candidly tell you, Alphonso, that for a considerable time past the favorite project of my heart has been to unite your destiny to that of my young friend. Confirm this hope; it is necessary to my happiness: at any rate I earnestly entreat you, if they presume to questson you about it, you will not contradict what I have asserted."

Herminia gave the note to Narcissus, and ordered him to deliver it to his master immediately, and on her return to the study she found the Baron de Jussy waiting for her. He seemed highly displeased and dissatisfied about something. "For a long time past," said he, "you have carefully avoided speaking to me in private, but now I assure you I will not let you escape. Herminia, be candid with me upon a subject I am going to introduce. You have been dear to me from your infancy, and I think I have hitherto not deserved to lose the confidence I have enjoyed." "Be assured, my dear Sir," said Herminia, blushing, "that you shall always enjoy it; and I give you my word I will never conceal any circumstance from you which you would feel interested in knowing." "Herminia," said the Baron, "I cannot help telling you that I am fearful you are pursuing a wrong road and path, which you know not how to extricate yourself from; and by endeavouring to do so, you are obliged to act in contradiction to your own sentiments." "Not so, exactly. I have placed myself, I confess, in rather an unpleasant situation, but that will be easily obviated." "You are accused of having formed an engagement of a most extravagant nature, and very inferior to your station in life." "I do not consider it as extravagant." "Well! but do you really love Alphonso, then?" "Why such an air of surprise? You certainly have known the nature of my sentiments on his account for some time past; now candidly confess it."—"Why," replied the Baron, "I must say I thought I discovered a partiality, but I did not suspect that it was any thing more, much less that you would confess it so openly; and I cannot help saying that I think an union of that sort will be an insult to your family." "It will never take place; I have thrown an obstacle in the way which I could not remove without being guilty of the utmost perfidy—without betraying the most sacred duty of friendship; and do you think me capable of either?" "I do not; but I do not rightly understand you." "Well, promise not to interrupt me, and I will tell you the whole affair."—Then Herminia gave him a faithful account of all that had passed. "Heavens!" exclaimed the Baron, when she had finished her relation, "what way the passions make in the short space of a few months, even with the most descreet! I agree that you have put it out of your power to enter into an engagement which would certainly not do you much credit, but to be at variance with your nearest relations, to give away, unnecessarily, the half of your fortune, and" . . . "I must ingenuously tell you," interrupted Herminia, "that I loved Alphonso from the first moment I saw him; but I soon discovered the deep impression he had made on the heart of Zoa, and dear as we have always been to each other, I respected her happiness too much to be instrumental in destroying it; and I instantly determined to sacrifice my own inclination, to make a considerable addition to her fortune, if she possessed any, and to do my utmost to bring about an union which I knew was the greatest earthly felicity she prayed for.—In order, if possible, to encrease her affection for him, I frequently spoke in his praise; but I assure you I never have had any serious intention of forming an alliance which would injure my reputation as well as Alphonso's. Zoa is the daughter of a more humble and obscure family, and of an age much more suitable to Alphonso's than I am; she could, therefore, without being guilty of folly or indiscretion, look

forward to such an engagement, whilst I at two-and-twenty could certainly not, without the greatest impropriety, set aside an union desired by my father, and reject the hand of the Count, my first cousin, in order to marry a young man of nineteen, without fortune or family; nay, the offspring of an illegitimate union—a young man, in fine, protected by my uncle, received into his house, and appearing in the eyes of the world entirely depending on his goodness for a respectable subsistence. Love himself, in order to keep me in the path of duty, united his imperious voice to that of reason and honor. He did not prevent me from feeling that if I sacrificed decorum and my reputation to my inclination, I should never be able to support the terrible idea of appearing in the presence of him I love, and not only deprived of all family consideration, but injured for ever in the public opinion. In fact, after I had been forced to impeach Zoa, and to declare the secret of her amour, I considered myself bound to do every thing in my power to insure their union; and, first of all, to prevent the marriage which might render her life miserable. The man intended for her husband possesses an income of thirty thousand livres only. I will give her sixty, on condition that she will marry according to her own inclination, by which means I shall enjoy the double happiness of making the fortune of my friend and that of her unfortunate lover. I foresee that the Duke will do his utmost to oppose this project, but I will have recourse to justice, if every other expedient fails. Zoa is very distantly related to the Duchess; I will find out those who are more nearly related to her; I understand they reside in Provence. I shall easily gain their consent. I shall not find it very difficult to prevail with Alphonso to marry so charming a girl, particularly as she really loves him, and I, renouncing matrimony on my own account, I shall remain unshackled and independent, with a fortune that will far surpass my wishes. Now, my dear Sir, you are apprised of every thing I have done, and every thing I intend to do. What are your sentiments upon it?" The Baron was very much affected at the recital: in vain he endeavoured to hide his sensibility; even his accent disclosed it. "I think," said he, "that by repairing imprudences with such extravagant sacrifices—in making amends for one censurable folly, by running headlong into a thousand much more romantic, you have contrived to spoil the most splendid destiny in the universe. Few of your sex, with a superior mind, fancy it necessary to have recourse to it, in order to enable them to conduct themselves with prudence. You have not reflected at all, I see, upon what may happen. It is not Zoa, but yourself, that Alphonso loves."—"Yes, but he cannot have any hope of an union. At any rate I have not left him a shadow of it; and he himself feels as I do, that it is impossible." "Very well, but do you not confess that it will require some time to prevail with him to marry Zoa?" "Yes, for I know enough of his nature to be persuaded that the very fortune I intend to give Zoa will be looked upon by him as a sufficient reason for opposing my solicitations, to which he would more easily yield, if Zoa did not enjoy it from me." "What sort of reasoning is all this? How much the old beaten path of good sense and honesty is superior to all these singular and abstract refinements of modern delicacy, where we are at a loss to know what to do, ridicule or admire. In this corrupt age, warm imaginations and impaisoned feelings have thought it necessary to make a new code of laws on love and friendship, in which every thing is subtilized and extravagant. Now tell me, Herminia, what do you think would be the consequences attendant on your plan, if the Duke, in order to remove from his son the fear (well founded or not) of a rival, were to make a proposition to Alphonso to marry Zoa?" "I foresaw that, which is the reason why I mentioned my determination to the Duke to give Zoa the half of my fortune, if the marriage takes place. Be assured he has no wish that it should. Besides should he from artifice make this proposition, Alphonso, after my note, will be upon his guard; and rather than expose and betray me, I am certain he would accept the hand of Zoa. This would be in reality all I wish."

"But will it happen, do you think?" "Yes, I do. Zoa will be questioned about it: incapable of falsehood, she will candidly confess that she does love Alphonso, and that she had made known her sentiments to me, which will of course confirm what I have asserted." "Well, I pray God," said the Baron, sighing, "that all may end to your satisfaction. However you have sufficient means to keep the Duke within bounds. His attorney has sent me the account of his trust. I have not yet had time to examine it thoroughly, but from the perusal I have given it, I think it pretty correct; and I hope at least, that in this business, you will suffer me to be your guide."

(To be continued.)

COMMENTS ON THE FINE ARTS.

WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, IN THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, FOR EXHIBITION AND SALE.

SINCE it is manifest that the arts cannot rise to that degree of perfection at which they become a national honor, unless their professors are supported with some species of patronage, it would not be useless to investigate the nature of patronage in general, and to endeavour to discover the form in which it might be rendered most efficient. We shall not at present commence such a disquisition, which, we are sensible, would lead us beyond our limits, and very far from the object before us. That patronage which leaves genius unshackled in the choice of its pursuits, and, repressing empyrical and speculative competition, encourages honorable emulation to strive for distinction and reward, must undoubtedly be the best: but where is such patronage to be found? We fear not among the *hereditary* Governors of the British Institution. We do not deny that in the dearth of encouragement which surrounds the painter who undertakes an historical or poetical subject, the opportunity of setting such efforts before the public may have its advantages; but *here* the most shewy and most presuming have hitherto been found to be most successful. The public eye possesses little discrimination; and the competition is far from being equal, where the richest and the most numerous bidders are more liable to be attracted by brilliancy of colour, than by the chaster and less obtrusive beauties of just composition. Still even this is preferable to that private patronage which renders merit subservient to its own views, and seems frequently to leave no other rivalry to its protected artists than the rivalry of adulation.

It is at that period of society when civilization is yet unenfeebled by false refinements and fancied excellencies that the efforts of the arts are in their greatest vigour. *Conception*, the offspring of Genius, is then held to be superior to *execution*, which is often the result of patient perseverance. As society becomes polished, taste gradually loses sight of the beauties of mind, and attaches itself to the more artificial beauties of habituated skill. The critic forgets Nature, and pursues a chain of deductions, supplied rather by the works of eminent artists than by the just principles of their art. Hence the names of illustrious men compose the elements of a new language, in which a jargon of terms acts as auxiliary adjuncts: the uninitiated are bewildered with astonishment, and, ceasing to admire those natural beauties which are easily comprehended, endeavour to obtain the character of *connoisseurs*, by a fancied discernment of similiarities which

ought not to have a real existence; and by a supercilious condemnation of that freedom which is the just characteristic of true and independent genius. We are delighted with the works of Rubens or Rafaële, because Nature is apparent in them; but when we extol a modern painter for any resemblance of Rubens or Rafaële, we are generally misled by his having imitated some defect, or some trifling peculiarity. Our mental conceptions, or the features of the imagination, are as dissimilar from those of each other as the form and features of our bodies; and our expression of these conceptions, whether with the pen or the pencil, ought to be as distinctly our own. In our critiques on the fine arts, we shall always be more ready to commend the efforts of genius than the high-finished imitations of elaborate dullness. Yet as far as genius renders the powers of execution subservient to expression, so far, in our opinion, does any picture approach the standard of excellence. We shall, therefore, employ as little as possible the terms of technical taste:—the *cant of criticism* we dispise; it is generally assumed to conceal ignorance, and is certainly unfavourable to the general diffusion of knowledge.

It was with pleasure that we perceived an increase in the number of historical and poetical subjects in this year's Exhibition. It is by pieces of this description that the extent of public talent is to be estimated. So much are our artists engaged in portraits, and so limited becomes their knowledge of such incidents in history and poetry as might do honor to the pencil, that we were prepared to expect a tameness of expression, and a paucity of original designs. We had not the pleasure of much disappointment in this respect; nor was that pleasure encreased when we observed that the best specimens of British talent, in the highest department of the art of painting, were again brought forward for sale, after having, in vain, courted the attention of commercial patronage, in the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy. These are Westall's *Shield of Achilles*, Drummond's *Queen Margaret*, Haydon's *Dentatus*, Woodforde's charming picture of *Henry* and *Emma*, Oliver's *Paulo* and *Francesca*, and many others. It is, indeed, humiliating to the painter, to be compelled thus to hawk about his productions from one market to another; and it is disgraceful to those, who are annually expending so much money in fanciful decorations for their houses, that they should thus reject such decorations as would do honor to their taste, while they encouraged genius to employ itself in its proper sphere.—Alas, for the genius of Painting!—We fear that the generality of its *commercial patrons* feel no attachment to any thing represented on canvas, but their own fascinating visages; and have no idea of any other sublimity, but that which fully rises to the expression of their own consequential greatness. On the merits of the other paintings of this class we shall proceed to the following comments.

No. 1. An elder Vestal attending the sacred fire, by J. F. Rigaud, R. A.

This we strongly suspect to be the portrait of some old maid, returned upon Mr. Rigaud's hands on account of the invincible ugliness of the original. There is no more sublimity of character than what might be discovered in the *tabbies* of *Milman-street*. The countenance is flat, sallow, and inanimate, and the attitude awkward and inelegant.

No. 2. Themistocles taking refuge at the court of Admetus, by Henry Corbould.

No. 64. The same subject, by H. Sass.

We cannot bestow much commendation on either of these paintings: the first is decidedly the best composition, but there is a deficiency in the subject itself, which renders it difficult to be perspicuously handled. It requires more than common powers to give sufficient interest to the figure of Themistocles. In Mr. Corbould's picture, the figure is well conceived, but it is very defective in drawing, and the child is very badly proportioned. The pencil of Mr. H. Sass appears to have laboured after the likeness of some mendicant wretch, who, with a borrowed brat, sits expectant of scraps and offals, at the porch of a large mansion. In both paintings the figure of Admetus is in-

judiciously brought too forward, and thereby rendered of too much consequence. It would have been enough to have shewn the distant approach of the monarch and his train: the emotions of Themistocles, his magnanimity, his tenderness, and his apprehensions, would have given a wide scope to the imagination of a real painter, and to the powers of his pencil. Young artists are injured by the selection of subjects which depend as much upon the rich display of mind, as upon the correct delineation of the human form. Messrs. Corbould and Sass have much, very much, to study from *things without life*, from limbs and trunks of plaister, before they should venture to depict the soul, and particularly the soul of Themistocles in adversity.

No. 3. *Taking down from the Cross, by Josesph Barney.*

This a vile copy of parts from various paintings and prints, jumbled injudiciously together.

No. 4. *Samson breaking his Bands, by G. F. Joseph.*

There is considerable merit in this painting; yet we think the figure of Samson too massive. The expression is, nevertheless, well defined: the attitude and the countenance are both admirable. The terror of the Philistines in their flight, and the astonishment of Dalilah, add consequence to the principal object. Dalilah might, indeed, have possessed more dignity, without injury to the general effect: she is here represented as a pitiful wench, a mere *common-place* harlot, who would hardly be able to wheedle an intoxicated sailor out of his virtue. We think Mr. Joseph is entitled to encouragement: his faults are such as experience will overcome; his merits are of a high character.

No. 5. *The Evening Prayer.*

This is very pretty nursery-room painting, by Mr. *H. Singleton.*

No. 6. *Macbeth entering the Witches' Cave, by Joseph Barney.*

A very meagre and wretched performance.

No. 11. *The reduced Soldier, by Joseph Barney.*

We have so seldom an opportunity of praising this gentleman, that we are glad we can here give him a good word. Here is some good colouring, and we can at least declare, that if this is a copy we cannot recal the original to our recollection, although many striking traits make us think we have seen this *reduced* soldier on a larger scale.

No. 12. *The Transfiguration. The original design of the great altar-piece, in St. Thomas's church, Salisbury.*

There is a species of gaudy insipidity in which feeble pencils are apt to indulge; and the painting before us cannot be surpassed in the merits of that prevalent manner of painting. There is neither dignity nor character in any of the figures, but there are bright lights and heavy shades in abundance. The sheet which surrounds the figure of the Messiah must, indeed, look very fine in a picture 21 feet by 13; and we give Mr. Douglas Guest our congratulations on the size; for to judge of the altar-piece by this original design, there can be no doubt but he was engaged to paint by so much the square yard. How this white, curling piece of drapery must have made the good people of Salisbury stare! Were any thing like it set upon a sign-post, it might be seen at some miles distance; and by a pedestrian traveller over Salisbury Plain, would be hailed, with infinite satisfaction, as the inviting sign of the *table cloth.*

No. 13. *Belshazzar's impious Feast, by Benj. Burnell.*

There is more terror attempted to be introduced into this painting than usually accompanies this worn-out subject. Character, emotion, and sentiment are the natural grandeur that belongs to it. One trait of the human countenance is worth all the clouds and the lightening that was ever fabricated by the pencil of a painter.

No. 14. *Clymene and her Daughters mourning over the tomb of Phaëton, by Miss H. A. E. Jackson.*

These seem to be stiff and ineligant portraits. Neither the conception of the subject, nor the execution, do any credit to the talents of the fair artist.

No. 16. *The Markis of Saluces and Grisildis, by G. Jones.*

Here again we look in vain for character, where character should form the chief merit of the composition. The colouring and chiaro scuro are tolerable.

No. 17. *Don Quixote in the sable mountains, &c. by John Taylor.*

This is an insipid attempt to be humourous. Sancho is intended to be a *very lump* of humour; and if any purchaser is inclined to buy wit by the pound, he will certainly here get his pennyworth in weight, if not in quality.

No. 18. *A Man's Head. A study by Sir W. Beechey, R. A.*

This is undoubtedly a fine composition, yet not without much common-place.

No. 34. *Woodman reposing, by Thomas Barker.*

There is character and expression in this figure.

No. 50. *Children fishing, by W. Collins, jun.*

This is a pleasing picture. In the grouping, attitude, and countenances of the children there is much natural expression, and the little parties are rendered interesting by the happy correctness with which their anxiety in their pursuit is depicted. The warm sunny landscape which surrounds them is likewise excellent. So wide a flow of noon-day brilliancy was not easily managed, yet Mr. Collins has contrived to sustain its full splendour, without having recourse to glaring spots, or the abrupt contrast of deep shadow.

No. 51. *"Rule Britannia." From Thomson's celebrated Ode; by Stephen Rigaud.*

Young painters, and young poets, are always seeking the sublime, not in nature but in fanciful allegory. When a painter begins to embody the *bodyless* beings of the imagination, it would not be amiss for the credit of his art if, by means of a rope, a razor, or a dose of laudanum, he would endeavour to get a peep at the inhabitants of the other world, before he proceeds too far with his design. We have seen so many little lumpish cherubims, and so many long and lank seraphims, that we have many years been perfectly acquainted with the whole family of painters' angels. The Royal Academy should positively offer a reward for a few fresh spirits, dead or alive, from the world above, or the world below. The picture before us is a miserable proof of the great dearth of supernatural models. It is a glaring piece of common-place painting: Britannia, and the Lion and Liberty, and the little boys, and long white floating forms in the sky, are all ready-made figures—a mere ready-begotten offspring, that have served during the last hundred years for any painter that chose to father them: they are as easily put together as the court-cards are by children, and are as universally known as the faces of the four knaves.—Away with such trifling!—Character, emotion, and sentiment are the genuine subjects of the pencil.

No. 52. *The Death of Marmion, by Isaac Pocock.*

Mr. Pocock must not expect an admirer of Walter Scott's poem to be the purchaser of his picture. The countenance of the miserable being intented to represent Marmion has not one trait of expiring *hauteur*. The whole group is feebly conceived and badly drawn. The tone of colouring is heavy, without grandeur; and the distance is gloomy, without any of that discriminating shadowing so closely pointed out in the poem.

No. 53. *Alcestis, the wife of Admetus, brought from the infernal regions, and restored to him by Hercules; by Richard Cook.*

This is one of the most interesting subjects among the fables of antiquity, but is certainly not one of those that are best adapted to the powers of the pencil. Mr. Cook has handled it, indeed, with considerable effect, and we think this is one of the best paintings in the rooms: the figures are drawn in that strong and masterly style which seems to *command* the traits of emotion, and not to toil after them with uncertainty. Admetus is excellently depicted, but we think that the figure of Hercules might have been less gigantic: its size

throws the slowly-reviving form of Alcestis into insignificance. The astonishment and affection of the child are beautifully expressed; but we think that the countenance of Alcestis might have been fraught with more sensibility, although she is supposed to be "a form between life and death." The grouping is unfortunate: there is too much vacancy in the middle of the picture, and the figure of Hercules is made to appear of so much consequence, that it hurts the pathetic force of the circumstances intended to be depicted. The light is too general and too bright for the subject, which is one of those that admit the support of shadow with advantage.

No. 54. *Jupiter under the form of Diana, with the Nymph Calisto. J. F. Rigaud, R. A.*

The drawing and colouring of this picture are good, and the expression it well imagined. It is a fine specimen of the manner of the ancient masters, in force, spirit, and warmth of fleshy tint.

No. 56. *Celadon and Amelia; by A. R. Twigg.*

This is certainly a grand picture of a storm: the landscape is well imagined, and the light is boldly and irregularly dispersed, without injury to the general effect; but the particulars are not well discriminated, and a want of clearness in the penciling reigns through the whole piece. The colouring is heavy and affectedly brown, and the figures have very little to do with Thomson's Celadon and Amelia.

Our critical remarks will extend to every painting of consequence in the present Exhibition, except those that were before exhibited at Somerset House, and of which a critique may be found in the earlier Numbers of this Work.

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE.

A View of the natural, political, and commercial Circumstances of Ireland; by Thomas Newenham, Esq. Author of an Inquiry into the Progress and Magnitude of the Population of Ireland. &c London, 1809. 4to. pp. 333. Appendix, pp. 60.

When an empire, like the British European dominions, consists of parts separated from each other by a great natural barrier, and when submission rather than unity of interests retains the weaker part in allegiance to the more powerful, all the wealth and industry that the former may possess act only as so many drawbacks on the integral power of the empire. Those motives of individual emolument, those duties of confederate patriotism, all those objects which blend and incite the labours of man, must impel the weaker to struggle for independence; for while under the control of the sovereign state, to what purpose can her inhabitants employ their advantages? Will they be permitted to become the associated rivals of the manufactures of the superior state?—May they, without arousing the jealousy of their imperial neighbour, strive to participate in her commerce? Nay, can the mines, the woods, and even the very agriculture of their country, be so far their own as to be rendered a permanent source of national wealth, and thereby of independent power? On the contrary, does it not become a necessity in the paramount state to repress, if not to oppress, her aspiring subject—to render every advantage which might

exalt that subject subservient to her own strength, or else to extinguish, as far as possible, all those advantages? Such will undoubtedly be the intercourse between states so situated: nations that are held, but not assimilated by the same government, will ever be the jealous and inimical rivals of each other.

How far this has been the case with respect to the political relations of England and Ireland, deserves the serious investigation of our most enlightened statesmen. Ireland possesses all those advantages of position and produce which might either render her independently powerful, or assist to increase and extend the integral power of the British empire. But for some centuries it has certainly been the policy of the English government not to use, but to destroy, the strength of its dependent neighbour. Many reasons have undoubtedly occurred to render this sort of policy necessary. Ireland, in a state of semi-barbarism, unsubdued, and bigotted to violent and unassimilating prejudices, could not have been so organised as to have formed a real part of the British empire. It would have been vain to have offered a unity of interests to a people who were so generally insensible to their own advantages: it would have been ridiculous to have promulgated the freedom of our laws to a people who were ever eager to submit to the despotism of their petty chieftains: it would have been trifling with the inhabitants of a large island, whose obedience was blind, whose objects were diverse, and whose country was intersected by mountains, bogs, and morasses, to have given them at once the whole system of a representative government. It was absolutely necessary to the well-being of both Britain and Ireland that the latter should for some centuries be a separate, but not an independent state, and as such be liable to all the deprivations and restrictions which necessarily are the lot of an inferior state, when it becomes attached, but not united, to a superior sovereignty.

England has been accused of tyranny towards Ireland, and no doubt the servants of government have frequently taken advantage of that want of unity in the interests of the two kingdoms, to make the strong hand of the former the instrument of executing their private designs. Still if the leading features of the conduct of Britain are impartially examined, it will be manifest that it has been her desire to hasten that period when, by an assimilation of customs and views, she might blend the legislation of Ireland with her own; and cease to control, by beginning to confide. Perhaps in some instances her measures may have been unwarrantably harsh, and therefore erroneous: perhaps there may have been opportunities since the Reformation to have converted numbers of the Roman Catholics, by means of enlightened and conciliatory missionaries: perhaps the just jealousy with which the aggrandisement of a *dependent* yet *separate* nation ought to be viewed, may in some instances have been jaundiced by the representations of speculative individuals: yet the general tenor of the acts directed by the British cabinet seems to have been to make Ireland an adequate and an integral part of the British empire.

Let us examine what would have been the consequences of that competition of manufactures into which some protestant settlers in Ireland were entering, about the commencement of the last century. It would have seduced the scanty population from the labour of the fields, to live immured in towns, and to starve upon high wages. The prolific potatoe must have remained uncultivated, and the purchase of foreign corn would soon have exhausted the profits of the manufacturer. A mean, peculating, chandler's-shop sort of commerce would have crept along the coasts, and Ireland would have been what America is now---a country of emptiness, edged round with petty traders. No situation can be more detrimental to the real growth of national strength and civilization than that in which commerce and manufacture have entered a country before agriculture. It was therefore wise and liberal in Great Britain to force the Irish into agricultural pursuits; nor was it possible for her to foresee that the universal substitution of the rapid and easy-cultivated potatoe for corn would induce indolence, and repres,

the energies of civilization. Ireland, by the richness of her soil, and the open temperature of her climate, might, with moderate skill and labour, become strong in that internal wealth which renders a nation most truly opulent; but many of her inhabitants have fancied themselves oppressed, because they were not permitted to waste that capital in idle competition, which might render their country fruitful, and its inhabitants happy.

The natural consequence of restriction will nevertheless always be discontent. Unfortunately the discontented of Ireland have had the great engine of low superstition at their command. This they have employed with effect. There is no doubt but that the Roman Catholic religion might be rendered perfectly inoffensive in Ireland; and that as civilization increases, and with civilization the immediate temporal interests of society, those incomprehensible spiritual motives by which the rude and ignorant are actuated will be entirely extinguished. It is this impulse of civilization which can alone obviate the external dangers to which a state is necessarily exposed, of whose population so vast a body is composed of the members of a foreign church. That foreign church is indeed, with respect to the authority of its supremacy, almost no more. That authority would be rendered still less, with respect to Ireland, if the prejudices of protestants were wholly to subside; and if, by gradually permitting the assimilation of Catholics in the state, that antipathy might be lessened which always subsists between the members of an established church and such dissenting sectaries as are restrained in the political enjoyment of power and influence.

The work of Mr. Newenham is manifestly the production of a native of Ireland who eagerly desires to advance the prosperity of his country. But his mind cannot embrace the British Empire as his country: it is the island on which he was born that biasses all his patriotic sentiments, and gives an obvious direction even to the loyalty which he warmly expresses towards the House of Brunswick. His Volume is divided into Four Parts, the subjects of which we shall briefly lay before our readers.

Part 1. Of the natural advantages which qualify Ireland for the acquisition of commercial wealth.

Part 2. Of the causes which frustrated the natural advantages of Ireland.

Part 3. Of the remote cause which eventually operated in frustrating the natural advantages of Ireland.

Part 4. Of the circumstances which have tended to prevent a complete fruition of the natural advantages of Ireland, since the removal of the principal causes which operated in rendering them comparatively abortive; and of the effects resulting from those circumstances.

By this arrangement of his subject it will be obvious that the leading virtue of Mr. Newenham's patriotism is not a patient confidence in the progression of political causes. He begins with an elaborate encomium on the relative situation of his beloved Island; on its harbours and sea coast; on its rivers, its climate, and the fruitfulness of its soil.—These are all undoubtedly of high importance to a civilized people; but that civilization must be not merely half completed before these advantages can render any nation great and opulent, is an incontrovertible truism of which Mr. N. does not seem to be aware. Our author, therefore, when in the Second Part he enumerates acts of parliament restrictive of the trade of Ireland, does not only forget that trade must at that period have been subversive of the internal infant strength of Ireland; he also purposely overlooks the circumstance of Ireland being not an independent kingdom, but the most unamalgamating portion of an independent kingdom. It is the same prejudiced habit of thinking which in the Third Part influences his investigation of the origin and progress of religious enmity in Ireland, and its gradual decline. It was surely impossible for Great Britain to extend the pale of her constitution to a nation whose ignorance and bigotry were the continual tools of her Catholic enemies—a nation, whom her inveterate foe, Philip of Spain, was perpetually

inciting to acts of rebellion, both by their *Milesian*, and their religious notions of affinity with his own subjects; and whose most responsible inhabitants were hurrying from their country to follow the banners of all the other enemies of Britain. There is a line of conduct towards an uninformed portion of a nation, which every government ought to pursue, and which is equally distant from persecution and from unlimited toleration. That line was the object of the British government; and Mr. Newenham's positions are no further contradictory of this assertion than as he is unwilling to consider Ireland as a *portion of an empire*. Indeed the concluding Section of this Part is brought forward under the boastful title of *National Distinction ultimately attained by Ireland.*—But it is in the Fourth Part that the prejudices, or, to use a less obnoxious word, the *partialities* of our author, have carried him far beyond the boundaries of just investigation. To support his thesis of the paramount advantages of *manufacture*, he catches hold of a metaphorical expression in the light leaves of *Montesquieu*, to call agriculture a manufacture. He therefore will scarcely give Mr. Foster and the British government credit for their encouragement of that on which the happiness and prosperity of such a people as the Irish depend, because they have invariably opposed those manufactures which would have hung like morbid swellings on the sides of his country, stinting her growth, and absorbing her strength. It is not surprising that he who rejoices in the separate *national distinctions* of his country should be unreconciled to the advantages of the *Union*. He cannot, or he will not, see that unity of power and opulence, that extirmination of mistrust and rivalry, now existing between Great Britain and Ireland; he hesitates to acknowledge his country as an integral part of the British empire, giving and receiving power, affluence, and *incorporated* independence. Ireland must be by herself *a whole*, or else Ireland seems lost, in the estimation of Mr. Newenham.

His Work is accompanied with many useful documents concerning the produce, population, revenue, religious establishments, &c. of this western branch of the empire.—These are correct, and certainly conducive to other conclusions than those which he has extracted from them. **

POETRY.

Gastronomy; or, the Bon-vivant's Guide. A Poem in four cantos. From the French of J. Berchoux. 4to. pp. 42.

Metaphysical *taste* and its less refined namesake are each to be excited, in a Poem on Cookery: but as we critics are supposed to have very little experiênce in the gratifications of the latter, we shall not be esteemed to be competent judges of more than half the merits of the Poem before us. We are indeed surprised that a poet should be found, capable of venturing upon such a subject, either in France or England, and we give him great credit for the *strength of his imagination*. Rousseau, who boasts of having composed a beautiful description of the country in the midst of Paris, and of having excellently expatiated on the pleasures of Summer, in a letter written during a Christmas frost, had his recollections, at least, to assist him; but the poet who writes *about* good eating has probably need of as much invention as Milton, when he sang of *other worlds*. It is certainly praise to a poem of this description to say that it appears rather to have been composed in the kitchen than in the garret. Some scraps of learning, that remind us of our attic habitations, are, to be sure, scattered through its pages; but we know how to account for this, since we have gleaned no little erudition from the wrapper of a quartern of butter, or the envelope of two-penn'orth of cheese.

—— Bruti senis oscitationes,
Decapsa miseri libellionis.

— — — — — — —

——Luridæve mappæ?
Chartæ, Thebaicæve, Caricæve?

Nusquam turbine conditus menti
Prunorum globus, atque coctanorum,"
&c*.

Statii Risus Satur.

The translator seems to have done justice to the original: he has endeavoured to give us a relish of the French mock-heroic verse, by substituting our anapæst for the Gallic alexandrine. In this measure he writes with ease, but he has not succeeded in making us relish it enough to wish for its general adoption. On other subjects he would probably write better. His present effort may be compared to the *strong whiff* which comes full upon you from the French *Restorateur's*, as you turn the corner of Nassau-Street. The *Restorateur* may find his account in this diffusive odour, from the gluttonous and the hungry, but the gentleman of refined habits crosses the way with disgust. The *recipes* of Mrs. Glasse might perhaps be usefully thrown into verse, and the cook-maid of the senior alderman might recite them to the great edification of the common-council, instead of the elaborate harangues of Mr. Waithman and Mr. Goodbehere; but a georgic on Gluttony is a solecism in Poetry. Had there been a *spice or two* of humour or satiric raillery, the design would have been more reconcileable to our sentiments: but the author is throughout as philosophically serious as poor *Weltjie*, after he retired from his superintendance of the Prince's kitchen to his *country retreat* on the Upper Mall at Hammersmith. Nevertheless the translator seems to have made the most of his materials; and wherever an opportunity of improving the spirit was afforded him, he has not let that opportunity escape him. We give the following extract as a fair specimen of his manner:

"In an evening's walk, did you ne'er meet a clown
Returning, well-prim'd, from the next market-town?
Head-foremost and reeling about though he go,
He by instinct appears the way homeward to know.
His tripping and stumbling need give no alarm,
For the god he is full of will shield him from harm.
With a pipe in his mouth, he defies every sorrow.
And cares not a whiff what may happen tomorrow.
After strolling around, to his cottage restor'd,
As great he's become if as drunk as a lord.
With happy delusions his liquor inspires,
His sons acquire riches, his daughters wed 'squires;
At his wife in a coach all the neighbourhood stare,
And he, pleas'd with the joke, falls asleep in his chair."—Page 39.

* Remnants of some old prosing Muse,
Or covers of *Sir Dick's* Reviews?
— — — — — — —
Or folio sheets, with cutlets stor'd,
That serve as napkins for the board,
Or grocers' leaves (commenta varia,)
That wrap up figs from Thebes or Caria?
Whence, bursting thro' the twisted end,
Your prunes, in rapid showers descend.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Bunting's general Collection of the ancient Music of Ireland; with a Dissertation on the Egyptian, British, and Irish Harps. Vol. 1. Price 1l. 6s.

We give Mr. Bunting great credit for his spirit in undertaking so extensive a work, for the skill which he has manifested in the execution of it, and for the very splendid manner in which he has presented it to the public. Whoever wishes to form a just estimate of the peculiar style of the ancient music of Ireland, will be fully enabled to gratify their desire, by the perusal of this excellent work. The greater part of it consists of airs, never published before, and which it was Mr. Bunting's lot, as he says, to arrest, in their flight, when on the point of vanishing for ever. Almost every one of those humble minstrels who were the principal repositories of them have since paid the debt of Nature.

We are not certain whether Mr. Bunting be perfectly correct in asserting the present to be the first general collection of Irish airs, as a collection, very similar in several respects, has been published by Sir John Stevenson. Mr. Bunting appears to have united an acute perception of the peculiar beauties of the Irish melodies, with the most indefatigable perseverance in completing his collection. His aim was to form a repository which would comprehend, as nearly as possible, all that is valuable of ancient music in Ireland. To render this plan complete, it was necessary to secure many valuable airs, hitherto confined to particular districts of the kingdom. In these districts, particularly Connaught and Munster, it appears that he has minutely and repeadedly made his researches in person, and taken from instruments and the voices of old people a number of strains that might not otherwise have survived the singers. He was accompanied by a person versed in the Irish tongue, who took down the original words, by which means the airs were secured in their native pathos, and the words of the best tunes in their proper language and character. The work includes specimens of the funeral cry, an old Irish lesson and prelude, a modern lesson, by Carolan, and two celebrated Irish airs, with their variations, as practised on the harp for many years. With these are given, an original melody or recitative, which Mr. Bunting had the good fortune to discover "as sung in artless strains," in the Highlands of Scotland, and also by the Aborigines of different parts of Ireland, to Ossianic fragments. There are altogether comprised in this volume seventy-seven melodies, of which twenty are adapted to words chiefly translated from the original Irish songs, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. To rescue the works of the ancient composers of Ireland from oblivion seems to have been a favorite object with Mr. Bunting for a considerable time past; for about ten years ago he presented to the public a collection of upwards of sixty Irish melodies, of which Dr. Crotch, in his lectures, was pleased to say, "that there were few indeed which were not extremely fine."

We are very sorry to learn, from the following passage, that the practice of the Irish harp is upon the decline:—"The rapid decrease of performers on the Irish harp suggested the idea of assembling the remaing harpers, dispersed over the different provinces. A meeting was accordingly held at Belfast, on the 12th of July, 1792, when no more than ten could be collected, to whom liberal premiums were distributed, according to their respective merits: of the ten, only two survive at this day." Mr Bunting was appointed to note down the airs played on the occasion, and cautioned against adding a single note to the old melodies, which would seem to have passed, in their present state, through a long succession of ages. Though collected from parts distant from each other, and taught by dif-

ferent masters, the harpers always played them in the same keys, and without the least variation in any essential passage or note. This circumstance seemed more extraordinary when it was discovered that the *most* ancient tunes were, in this respect, the most perfect, admitting of the addition of a bass with more facility than such as were less ancient. It was also remarked, that their instruments were tuned on one uniform system, though the performers on them were ignorant of the principle. A principal motive in convening this feeble remnant of the bards, was to procure purer copies of tunes already in the hands of practioners, and to perpetuate a variety of other extremely ancient ones, of which no copies existed, and which were, therefore, the more likely to be lost. The ends proposed were partially obtained by the meeting alluded to, and have since been perfected though Mr. Bunting's industrious extions. We were so much pleased with the historical and critical dissertation on the harp, that we propose to select that part which particularly relates to the Irirh harp, for the entertainment of our readers, in a future Number of our work. We perfectlycoincide with Mr. Bunting's opinion, that where public taste is pure, the original music of Ireland will be heard with delight. The piece entitled "Carolan's Concerto," has been arranged as a duet, by Sir J. Stevenson. The air entitled "Peggy Ban," has been lately rendered familiar to the public by its introduction as a ballad, by Mrs. Liston: her method of singing it, however, is different, in several passages, from the original air, as given in this collection, particularly in the second bar. According to Mrs. Liston's manner of performing it, the three first notes of this bar form the harmony of the subdominant or fourth of the key, but in the original they form the common chord of the tonic. The compass of those airs which are adapted to words, is perhaps, rather too low for the generality of female voices; they seem more adapted to bass voices. Where each air is so eminently beautiful, it is almost invidious to point out any one in particular; but we cannot refrain from noticing the song entitled "Branch of the sweet and early Rose," for its polished and graceful simplicity; and "O lowland Maid of Braka," for its exquisite pathos and and expression. The commencement of the song entitled "The Dew each trembling Leaf encreased," bears a considerable degree of resemblance to the old song of "Gramachree Molly." Our limits will not allow of our entering into any minute criticism of the other airs, &c. contained in this volume; but we may confidently state, that there has yet been no work published which exceeds this in the choice and extent of the different national melodies, the deep research and valuable information which accompanies them, or the taste and science displayed in their arrangement. We sincerely hope that the ingenious editor may meet with the success he deserves, and we shall look with anxiety for the appearance of the second volume of this highly elegant and interesting work.

Mozart's celebrated Overture to Don Juan, arranged as a Duet for the Piano Forte, by J. Blewitt. 4s.

We are pleased to observe Mr. Blewitt so well employed as in arranging the works of this great master; for although we have reviewed, in a former number, Mr. Burrowes's arrangement of this overture as a duet, we are still inclined to encourage every attempt to make the public better acquainted with the productions of Mozart. Overtures and sinfonies are peculiarly adapted to this species of musical transmutation, as the scores are in general so full and complicated as really to require two pair of hands to give them proper effect. This arrangement is by no means inferior to Mr. Burrowes's, and the features of the original score are preserved with considerable ingenuity. We shall be pleased to hear that Mr. Blewitt finds the arrangement of this, as well as other productions of Mozart, a scource of profit as well as amusement.

Per la lontananza de Lidia, Ode Alla Luna; da B. Asioli.

This composer unites the science of the

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German school with all the tasteful elegance of the Italian. He has in this production selected, for the exercise of his abilities, "An Ode to the Moon," an extemporaneous production of the celebrated Improvisatore, Francisco Gianni. Our composer seems to have pursued his original with no inferior wing. He seems to have written with all the enthusiasm of the improvisatore, and to have added all that polish which science is capable of affording to works of imagination. In the repetition of the passages contained in bar 2, 4, and 6, of the third line, page 4, and the second bar, page 5, it would have been better to have given more variety; but this trifling defect may be easily remedied by the tasteful singer.

Six Italian Ariettes, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; by the same. 7s.

We think Signor B. Asioli the best modern composer of music da camera. His melodies are in general expressive, and his accompaniments excellent. Where all the Ariettes are so good, it seems invidious to select for particular praise. The fourth is pretty and playful: the others are entitled to praise of a higher nature, the first in particular. As there are to two Signors Asioli, we think it right to state that the author of these compositions is composer and musical director at the royal court at Milan.

Morgiana, arranged as a Rondo, for the the Piono Forte; by J. Blewitt. 1s. 6d.

There is not much merit in this arrangement. The dance itself is sprightly and graceful, and, we think, might have elicited from Mr. B. more congenial indeas. Indeed Mr. Blewitt does not seem to have been put at all upon the alert by his subject. The *motivo* is only introduced in the tonic, and upon each repetiton, accompanied by the same harmonies.

Morgiana in Ireland, arranged as a Rondo; by the same. 1s. 6d.

There is a *brogue* or *twang* belonging to the Irish melodies, which is quite as distinguishable in their music as in their pronunciation, but Morgiana in Ireland seems to have acquired this same twang to such a degree, as to have lost sight of the original *language* of the melody altogether. The arrangement is much upon a par with the last.

Trois Duos Concertants, pour La Harp et le Piano Forte, composes, et dedies to Lady Mildmay, par G. L. Dussek. Opera 69. Duo Premier.

There are three movements in this first duet, which is in the key of B flat: the first an allegro, the second a dead march, the last a minuet. They are written with M. Dussek's usual taste and freedom. Of the three movements we prefer the "March Funebere," or Dead March. In the distribution of the different parts he seems to have allotted an equal share of the difficult passages to each instrument.

The Subject of the favorite Cavatina "non vi Fidate," sung by Madame Catalani, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte; by E. Griffin. 3s.

Madame Catalani introduced this cavatina in the opera of La Frascatana. We think the success which constantly attended the performance of it, rather than any intrinsic merit imputable to the air itself, induced Mr. Griffin to select it as an exercise for his talents. Of those talents we think too highly to consider them as adequately employed in arranging what is a mere waltz set to words, under the title of a cavatina. The arrangement is made with as much felicity as materials so trifling would admit; particularly the minor, in which is diplayed considerable skill and ingenuity, and inclines us to wish that this gentleman would rather employ his powers on original compositions.

A Trio for three *Performers on the Piano Forte, by W. Holden, Mus. B. Op. 31.* 5s.

There is something very absurd in this title: did Mr. Holden think it necessary to inform the public that a trio was for three voices? It is a very trifling performance, particularly the finale, which he calls "A Rondo a la Militaire." The upper part is very little more than a repetition of the

middle part, played an octave higher. This sort of music, ushered into the world under the sanction of a Mus. Bac.; considerably lessens our respect, both for those who confer musical honors, and those who are merely *ornamented* by them.

Six progressive Solos, for the use of Beginners on the Violoncello; composed by F. W. Crouch. 5s.

These solos are well calculated to accomplish the end Mr. Crouch had in view, and form an excellent supplement to the exercises contained in M. Renegal's instructions for the violoncello. It was judicious in the first lesson to have omitted passages that required a shifting of the hand; but as these solos are denominated progressive, we think such passages should have formed a part, at least, of the ulterior lessons. At present the *progressive* difficulties seem principally to arise merely from the introduction of a more difficult key.

A Reflection at Sea, a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; by W. Hawes, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. 1s. 6d.

By the simplicity of style in which Mr. Hawes has set these beautiful words (which are selected from Little's Poems), he seems to have intended this duet, or rather duettino, merely as an exercise for those who are not far advanced in their solfaggi. The symphony is expressive and appropriate, but we see no reason for marking it molto forte. Its character is not such as to require its performance in so violent a manner; but perhaps Mr. Hawes, by the letters M F, meant that it should be played only mezzo forte; if so, he should have expressed it more distinctly. The second strain of the first part is the most expressive, particulary the smooth triplet at the words "Murmuring soon subsides." The second part of the allegro is common-place. The accent on the last syllable of the word "eternity," also has a bad effect; but perhaps the poet is more to blame than Mr. Hawes. The word itself is but ill adapted to musical expression.

"When you told us our Glances." A Duet; composed by the same. 1s. 6d.

The style of this is much superior to the last. The contrary motion between the two voices has an excellent effect, particularly at the words "Occasion such Wounds to the Heart." Mr. Hawes has finished the first part in a very original manner, by terminating the cadence in the fourth of the key. The modulation is rather sudden, but we think the words justify this deviation from the usual practice. In the last part the chord of G, with a major third, is immediately succeeded by the flat third, fourth, and sixth on F natural. This stroke of modulation, though not entirely original, is masterly, and produces an excellent effect. We have often met with it before, but it has seldom been more successfully employed than by J. Stafford Smith, in his admirable glee, "Return, blest Days." In the last bar of page 1 the treble rising from F to B, at the same time as the bass rises from B to C, has an unpleasant effect. Instead of the seventh on the C of the bass, a chord of the sixth on D would be preferable. We think this gentleman improves.

The favourite Horpipe danced by Miss Gayton, in the ballad of "Love in a Tub;" composed by H. R. Bishop. The Introduction and Horpipe arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte; by Ormond Saffery, 1s.

This title is very obscure. If Mr. Saffery mean to say that the introduction was composed by Mr. Bishop, he is certainly wrong. The subject is Mozart's exquisite duet, "Ah! Perdona," in the opera of "La Clemenza di Tito." Again, if Mr. Saffery mean that the introduction, as well as the hornpipe, is arranged as a rondo, he is incorrect. If the introduction were arranged as a rondo, it would cease to be an introduction. And on the other hand, if he merely transcribed it (as is the case) from the beginning of Mozart's duet, then it is not, as Mr. Saffery states, arranged as a rondo. Surely Mr. S. must have known that it was not composed by Mr. Bishop, and his concealment of the real composer's

name, almost induces suspicion that he was not unwilling to be considered the author of it himself. There is nothing original in any part of the arrangement; but to those who do not consider originality as an essential ingredient, may prove an agreeable exercise.

Romance Variée, for the Piano Forte; composed by Kiallmark. 2s.

In the introduzione we dislike the effect of the consecutive octaves, between the first notes of the second bar. A B (crotchet) instead of E and D in the treble, would remedy this defect. There is nothing remarkable in the variations, but the air itself is graceful and expressive.

The Parade, a Military Divertimento, for the Piano Forte; composed by F. Panormo. 2s.

Of the two movements which compose this divertimento, we prefer the march. The rondo is too much in the style of Pleyel's trifling sonatinas.

The Vocal Works of Handel, arranged by Dr. Clarke. Nos. 3 to 8. 5s. each No.

We have before noticed the First and Second Numbers of this elegant edition of Handel's Vocal Works, and we have now little more to observe in addition to what we then said, but that the proprietors seem to increase in their exertions to give satisfaction in proportion to the encouragement they have so liberally and so deservedly met with. The above Numbers contain the whole of "Acis and Galatea," and "Alexander's Feast." The commencement of the Oratorio of "Saul" is contained in No. 7. In the fine "Hallelujah" Chorus (Saul, p. 24) we observe that Dr. Clarke has retained the false accent given to this word by Handel. Vide bars, 11, 12, &c. where the accent is thrown upon the 2d instead of the 3d syllable. This defect is obviated at the Antient Concert, by altering the first quaver to two semiquavers, and the dotted quaver and semiquaver to a crotchet.—The direction for the time, at the beginning of this Chorus should be "A tempo *giusto*." We do not admire the effect of the D flat, in the last bar but two, page 23. At any rate the *last* B should be marked natural. There are a few other trifling errors; but, upon the whole, we never saw a work more accurately printed. We were at first somewhat surprised at seeing one of Handel's very best Oratorios excluded from this Collection—we mean "Israel in Egypt:" but our surprise ceased, on learning, from an advertisement which is prefixed to the 7th Number, that Messrs. Button and Whitaker intend to publish a *continuation* of "The Works of Handel," when the present series is completed.—A List of the Subscribers was to have been printed immediately after the publication of the 6th Number, but the proprietors have altered their intention in this respect, and assign as a reason, "that they have ascertained from good authority, that a most illiberal advantage is likely to be taken of so early a publication of the names of the subscribers, for the purpose of endeavouring to establish a continuation of the works of Handel in opposition to that which *they* intend to issue." But we do not think this reason by any means satisfactory. Of what are Messrs. Button and Whitaker apprehensive? Do they not state that "they have received the most flattering testimonials of approbation from their subscribers in London, and from all parts of the country?" If so, and their edition continue to give such perfect satisfaction, is it at all probable that the subscribers would be induced to take in *another* work in continuation, unless that other work should be superior to Messrs. Button and Whitaker's.

We are decided enemies to all kinds of monopoly, as tending to destroy emulation, and prevent exertion. The public are always gainers by a competition of talent; and if the work intended to be brought out in opposition to Messrs. Button and Whitaker be *better* than theirs, we see no reason why the subscribers should not give it the preference; and they no doubt *will*, in that case, give it the prefereuce, whether a list of their names be published or not. However, if Messrs. Button and Whitaker continue to conduct their work in the same spirited and liberal manner in which it has hitherto appeared, we have no hesitation in saying they need not fear any rival or opposition whatever.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

NEW ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

Messrs. Harrison, Bartleman, and Greatorex's Vocal Concert.

THESE Concerts should have commenced earlier, but on account of the indisposition of Mrs. Billington they were deferred; and she was still too much indisposed to lend her powerful assistance.

The Orchestra consists of the same eminent professors as last year; and in the vocal department we have to observe that Miss Hawkins is omitted. We really have no pleasure in noticing this circumstance, as a confirmation of the opinion we have given upon her talents, but we cannot avoid thinking that the conductors have exercised a very sound discretion.

Our astonishment was very much excited at the fine Overture to Iphigenie, by Gluck, being heard with a most senseless apathy, and without one solitary mark of approbation; whilst the succeeding Glee, *new* only in its title, was followed, in the language of the day, with "thunders of applause;"—a Glee, that has no pretensions whatever to originality, science, or taste. What did the managers mean, by calling *Perfide Clori* a *canone?* It is merely a *round.* If this were really a Canone, it would be very easy to write the most difficult species of musical composition.

Of the Concertante we cannot speak too highly. There was a spirit of rivalry and emulation between Messrs. Weichsel and Linley, which highly contributed to our gratification. We have seldom heard Mrs. Ashe to more advantage than in Sir J. Stevenson's new Song, "To the Brook;" but we cannot too often reprobate the vile cadence of descending semitones. The grand Chorus, from Haydn's Creation, was remarkably well performed. It is equal to any thing of the kind that ever was wrote, particularly the climax towards the conclusion, where the introduction of the B natural in the bass produces, upon us, an almost electrical effect. We regret that Haydn has spoiled the effect of this sublime composition by its common-place conclusion, which is so like the hacknied close of so many old Opera airs.

The Grand Sinfonie of Mozart, with which the Second Act commenced, is inferior to many we have heard from the same delightful composer. The best movement is the last: in this, Mozart has selected the subject of one of S. Bach's finest fugues.—Considering the excellence of the band, we think it was but indifferently performed. If there had been any rehearsal, we think it quite impossible that the hautboy should have continued in the major, instead of changing to the minor with the rest of the band. But why were the minuet and trio omitted?

We do not like Mr. R. Cooke's new song. In straining after originality he has lost sight of nature. There is very little melody, and the accompaniments are very injudiciously adapted.—We cannot say too much in praise of Mr. Bartleman's manner of singing Dr. Calcott's masterly Recitative and Song—"These, as they change." It is a great pity this composition should have remained so long in manuscript. Upon the whole, we consider this Concert the first in the kingdom. Nearly the same performers are engaged as at the Antient Concert; and the plan being of a more general nature, admits of novelty and variety being superadded to excellence.

Thursday, March 22.

The bill of fare for this evening displayed more of novelty as well as excellence than any preceding night this season. Our readers are so well acquainted with the general merits of the performances at this elegant entertainment, that we shall merely notice those pieces that are entirely new. The

first piece which presents itself in the order of performance is Mr. Attwood's Glee—"Child of patient Industry." We hardly know whether we ought to admit its pretensions to the title of a Glee, as it appeared to us merely a little ballad harmonised.

Of the new Concerto for the Violin, composed and performed by Mr. Weichsel, we cannot speak too highly. The passages, though extremely difficult, are yet very beautiful. Their difficulty is increased by the key (E four sharps) in which the Concerto is written. The last movement, which has for its subject the old Scotch song—"Roy's Wife of Aldivaloch," is particularly tasteful and ingenious. The manner in which the whole Concerto was performed was unrivalled for richness of tone and brilliancy of execution.

Mrs. Billington had a new Song, composed for her by Dr. Clarke; the words from Pope's Eloisa. The music is intrinsically good, but not well adapted to the words. We think Dr. C. has not exercised his usual judgement, in setting the words "Gentle Spirit, come away"—in the bravura style. As *we* conceive these words, we should think that the most soft and solemn strain would be appropriate—such as attendant Angels may be supposed to address to a departing Spirit. To praise Mrs. Billington's singing is superfluous.

In the Second Act there were a new Glee by J. B. Sale; and a new Song for Mr. Bartleman, composed by Mr. Horsley.—The former is the favorite Melody, "O listen to the Voice of Love," which Mr. Sale has harmonised in a manner highly creditable to his abilities. There is one passage, however, at the commencement, which we think might be altered for the better. We mean where the treble descends from D to C sharp, at the same time that the counter-tenor descends from F sharp to B. This might, although only an appogitura, hurt the ear. It might easily be obviated by the counter-tenor ascending to A instead of descending to B.

Mr. Horsley's new Song for Mr. Bartleman we consider one of the best Songs he ever wrote. The melodies are in the best style, and the accompaniments excellent.

ORATORIOS.

New Theatre, Covent Garden.

In the prosecution of our critical labours we have seldom the opportunity of rendering our duty pleasant by expressions of abundant satisfaction: upon the present occasion, however, we have not only to congratulate ourselves, but also the public, upon the spirited style of management which has been adopted by Messrs. Ashley, in the arrangement of the Oratorios for this season. The Orchestra is more numerous as well as excellent than we recollect upon former occasions, and the dispositions are made in so good a manner as to give the utmost possible effect to the performances. Its *tout ensemble* represents a Gothic chamber, which forms an agreeable contrast to the Grecian architecture of the House. We object, however, to the battlements introduced upon the organ. Pinnacles, or minarets, would have had a lighter effect. With the exception of Mrs. Billington, Messrs. Harrison and Bartleman, the vocal performers include almost every thing of excellence in town. By engaging Madame Catalani, Messrs. Ashleys have contrived not only to please the public, but to gratify the first wish of Madame Catalani's heart, and which, if we understand her correctly, led to the engagement she made with Mr. Harris. We allude to her ardent desire of singing at the *great national theatre*. If Madame Catalani has *given* her services upon this occasion, we shall readily believe that the few thousand pounds which attached to her engagement with Mr. Harris formed no part of her inducement upon that occasion. The philopher might find ample food for reflexion upon the mutability of human opinions, from the applause with which this lady was received on the first night of her performance, if we contrast it with the manner in which

she would have been received at the same Theatre, only a few weeks since.

We give the highest praise to Messrs. Ashley for their anxiety to gratify the public by employing Madame Catalani; at the same time we cannot help thinking that her abilities are less calculated to afford pleasure by the performance of sacred music, than on the boards of an Opera-house. We do not pretend to say that her powers are not calculated for either, but her style is certainly too meretricious for the chaste and subdued dignity which characterises the music of Handel. The peculiar articulation which her ignorance of the English language leads her to give to some words, produces an effect irresistibly ludicrous. Who can be inspired with those great and sublime ideas which ought to accompany the expression of "Lord God Almighty," when these words are pronounced *Lort Goat Ollmoity?* The thing is absolutely impossible: but this, it may be said, is an accidental defect, and may be corrected. However, our objection extends farther; it goes to her articulation of English altogether. It is dissonant to the ears of a native, and peculiarly offensive when applied to religious expressions, to which certain feelings have usually been associated in the minds of a Christian audience.

We think it an error in judgment on the part of the managers not to have given her the original words, where those words were Italian: for instance, Madame Catalani sung three songs; of these, "Angels ever bright and fair," must necessarily have been given in English; but why she should have sung "Holy, holy, Lord," with the *English* words instead of *dove sei,* &c. to which this beautiful air was originally adapted, we cannot even guess. Again, the last song which she sung, "*Ah chefrenar,*" was announced in the bills as a composition by Signor Pucitta, when the fact is, that it was composed by Portogallo, expressly for Madame Catalani, and forms one of the most prominent features of the Opera of Semiramide. There is something very disingenuous in stripping other birds to ornament a favourite—we hope this will be corrected. Madame Catalani cannot forget how much she has been indebted to this same Portogallo. With respect to her great powers, we admit them, but we cannot help feeling that she has been so long accustomed to *astonish* her auditors, that she ceases to *delight* them; she carries the point too far; repetition takes away the edge of astonishment, whilst the efforts which delight the heart are augmented by fruition; this is peculiar to those agreeable sensations of which the *mind* alone is susceptible. We cannot better illustrate this position than by bringing to the recollection of such of our readers as were present, the astonishing effect that was produced when Madame Catalani *first* gave the chromatic cadence of ascending and descending two octaves in semitones, at the conclusion of "Angels ever bright and fair." They may possibly recollect likewise the comparative indifference with which it was heard when she *again* introduced it at the end of "Holy, holy, Lord;" and we think they cannot forget the apathy with which it was received when repeated a *third* time in her last song. The effect produced by the first introduction of this chromatic cadence was not owing to its beauty, but to the difficulty of executing it; it was calculated to make an impression from its novelty, rather than from the pleasure it was capable of exciting; indeed, to our ears, it was absolutely disagreeable; it comes under that description of difficulties which Dr. Johnson somewhere wishes were *quite impossible.* By the bye, we think it was extremely injudicious in Madame Catalani to introduce the same species of cadence in every song: so far as this evidence applies it would seem to confirm the paucity of invention and want of variety, which have been attributed to this singer. We are sorry too that the entertainment of this evening furnished an additional proof of the truth of this remark; for, upon the repetition of both songs that were encored, we observed she introduced almost precisely the same *riffioramenti,* or ornaments. Perhaps, however, there is some judgment in this; Madame Catalani is conscious of the extent of her own science; for we could not help noticing that

in *attempting* to vary a passage in the second part of "Holy, holy," (in order to give that variety, the want of which we complain of,) she quite lost herself, and got into another key; the consequence of which was, that one part of the band was endeavouring to follow her, and the other part was playing in the proper key to which she ought to have adhered. There is one peculiarity which, if Mad. C. condescends to read our observations, we would recommend her to get rid of—which is—that in ascending rapidly to the highest notes of her compass, just previous to the last note she introduces a sort of interval or break, which conveys to the hearer an idea as if it required a great exertion to *bring out* the remaining note. If it really require such an exertion, her business is to conceal it, for the latest acquisition of art is the absence of effort. We recommend too that a person who has so many of the requisite materials for a good singer, should pay more attention to render her *intonation* perfect: she was occasionally too flat. Upon the whole, we do not think that Mad. C. is so great an acquisition in the department of sacred music as some persons expected; and we think that Messrs. Ashley will render the employment of her talents more conducive to their own interests, and more satisfactory to the real judges of fine singing, if instead of assigning Handel's music to her, they were to select for her performance some of the fine *arie di bravura* of Hasse, Jomelli, Bach, &c. &c.

We are sorry that our not being *in time* at the Theatre, prevented us hearing the overture, and Mr. Braham's opening the Messiah; we cannot, therefore, speak to either of these performances. The two songs we heard by this gentleman were, "Lord, remember David;" and a new song, or rather *scena*, set to music expressly for Mr. B. by Signor Rauzzini. The former of these we should have preferred if it had been sung (as Mr. Harrison always sings this exquisite air) to the original words, "*Rendi il sereno al ciglio.*"

Indeed, generally speaking, we are of opinion, that where the precise words which elicited the original succession of sounds in the mind of the composer, and to which they were adapted by him, can with propriety be preserved, it should, in all cases, be done. Mr. B. began this song in so chaste and appropriate a style, that we flattered ourselves his taste for uxuberant ornaments had abated; but, towards the conclusion, he seemed to recollect Madame Catalani's difficult cadence, and it appeared immediately to excite a spirit of emulation, which soon enveloped the simplicity of the original air in a load of frippery and finery, totally at variance with the character of the melody.

But Mr. Braham's emulation was not confined to her execution of difficult passages; he seemed to be equally desirous of rivalling her in singing too flat. In the performance of the new *scena*, he appeared to much greater advantage. The composer has here adapted the different movements, particularly the martial part, to the peculiar excellencies of the singer, and the singer is not obliged, as is usually the case, to adapt his powers to the ideas of the composer; this is the way to arrive at individual excellence, and Sig. Rauzzini has, with great judgment and "happy felicity," seized upon those prominent traits which distinguish Mr. B.'s style, and which cease to be exuberances in this production, because they are appropriate to the subject. Although this meets with our approbation, as an *entire* composition, yet one part of it which is in the key of C, appears to be introduced with too little preparation; the ear cannot immediately reconcile itself to this unexpected introduction, after having dwelt so long upon the key of D. The conclusion is also too abrupt. Having presumed to give Madame Catalani our advice, we think Mr. Braham will consider us *less impertinent* in offering our advice to him, which, however it may be received, is offered with very good intentions; and perhaps he will receive it with less reluctance when conveyed in the language of royalty. Instead, therefore, of advice, as we intended, we shall quote an anecdote, which he will find no difficulty in applying:

At Vienna, where the celebrated Farinelli received great honour from the Emperor

Charles the VI., an admonition from that prince was of more service to him, as he himself acknowledged, than all the precepts of his masters, or examples of his competitors for fame. His Imperial Majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that in his singing he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal; "Those never-ending notes and passages," said the Emperor *(ces notes qui ne finissent jamais)*, "only *surprise*, and it is now time for you to *please*. You are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you. If you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road." These few words brought about an entire change in Farinelli's manner of singing: from this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the *simple* with the *sublime*, and by those, at length, he *delighted* as well as *astonished* every hearer.

Mrs. Bland had only two pieces allotted to her: "He was despised," from the Messiah, and an anthem by Marcello; "O Lord, our Governor." If Mrs. B. had been content to sing the former in her usual style, we are persuaded she would not only have better satisfied her own judgment, but that of the audience. It is, in our opinion, the most exquisitely pathetic song that ever was written: the introduction of the flat second, at the words "acquainted with grief," is a stroke of genius that has never been exceeded. It is a fact, well authenticated, that during the composition of this song, Handel had worked up his feelings to such a pitch of sensibility, that his servant going unexpectedly into the room, *found his master in tears*. We cannot help thinking, that the attempt on the part of a performer to make any addition to a song, conceived in such a manner by such a master, must not only be ineffectual, but, we had almost said, impertinent. Let a performer throw in as much of pathos, feeling, and expression, as she pleases; but no flourishes we beseech; and, as for a fine cadence!! it were downright sacrilege;—but, unfortunately, Mrs. B. was infected with the same mania which spoiled Catalani and Braham's performances. Her simple sweet style would not only have formed an admirable contrast with these singers, but its excellence would have been *peculiar* to to herself. Surely she could not mean to rival Mad. C. in ornament, even if ornament had been proper; and being improper, the attempt only exposed her inability and want of judgment. As this divine song was originally composed for a counter-tenor, why was it not given to Mr. Goss? Surely, with so excellent a counter-tenor in the orchestra, it is a little unfair, as well as injudicious, to give songs of this description to a treble voice.

Mrs. B. performed her part of the anthem very well; but it was certainly played too fast; it did not convey the idea of any thing like prayer; the solemnity of sacred music was lost.

Miss Griglietti was very respectable in her songs, "But thou didst not leave," and "Lord, what is man." Her upper notes rather incline to a *squall*, but this she may correct; her lower notes are good.

Miss Bolton appeared to be unwell, and therefore disappointed us.

Mr. Bellamy's performance was characterized by his usual precision, and by his usual introduction of too many *appogiaturas*. In one instance this defect was very obtrusive; it converted the "Lord of Hosts," into the Lord of *Ho-hosts*. Mr. Bellamy must have observed, that notwithstanding he is so great and so deservedly a favorite with the public, yet they were not insensible to this blemish in his singing.

The instrumental performers consist of some of the most distinguished professors in their respective departments, and the chorusses were powerful and complete. The fugue, "They now contract," was not so well performed as it might have been; but the chorus, "For unto us," was heard with great pleasure, notwithstanding we have repeatedly been present at the performance of it at the Ancient Concert. We consider this as no slight praise.

The tone of the new organ is intrinsically good, but it wants power; its effect is quite lost when accompanied with the band.

Upon the whole, if we may consider this as a specimen of what the rest of the ora-

torios are to be this season, they will be highly creditable to the spirit and liberality of Messrs. Ashleys, to the zeal and exertion of the performers, and we trust will meet with corresponding encouragement from the public.

But we acknowledge ourselves, however, to have been better pleased with the Second Selection made by Messrs. Ashley than with the preceding one. The songs allotted to Madame Catalani were much better calculated to the display of her powers. Her first song was "Verdi prati," which was transposed a third higher, in order, we presume, to accommodate it to the compass of her voice, her upper tones being much finer than her lower ones; but we think that what is gained in *brilliancy*, is lost in *character*. In some of the semitones she was evidently out of tune; and we were sorry to observe, that in her last cadence Madame Catalani introduced the same abominable ascent and descent of semitones of which we have already complained.—— Much as we admire Madame Catalani's shake for its closeness and brilliancy, it has a fault which might be easily corrected: we allude to the species of sforzando, or increased exertion at regular intervals, which produces a disagreeable modulation or vibration upon the ear. Her next song was Portogallo's celebrated Bravura "Son Regina," from the Opera of *Semiramide*.—— This is the song to which Madame Catalani is principally indebted for her great musical reputation in this country, and in which she certainly appears to the greatest advantage, owing to the difficulty of executing some of the passages, and the comparative ease with which she performs them. The Air (not the Recitative) has been transposed since we heard it at the Opera-House. It was there performed in B flat, but it was this evening sung by Madame Catalani in A, (three sharps.) We cannot otherwise account for this than by supposing it was to enable her to *climb up* to the highest note, (C sharp,) without that kind of *ejaculation* which we have before noticed. Although she succeeded in this respect, it occasioned the loss of the *lowest* note, (A,) which was almost inaudible. This spoilt one of the most striking features of the song. Instead of finishing it in the key in which it begins, she repeats the first part, by which *process* it is made to conclude in the dominant. In this song Madame Catalani annoyed us with the chromatic cadence.—Her last song was "Hope told a flattering Tale;" and here we have again to regret that it was not sung with the original words from the Molinarella, "Nel Cor ma piu mi sento." Whatever disposition John Bull may discover favourable to an English in preference to an Italian song, we are sure he can never relish such English as *Hope-a told a flatterin tale-a.* But we were inclined to forget this, in our admiration of the excellent style in which she performed the song altogether.— The variations were tasteful and brilliant, although perhaps *too instrumental*; and we could not help observing, that upon the encore, instead of winding up these variations to a climax, she introduced a sort of anti-climax, proceeding downwards from those which were most, to those which were least difficult. Here again we must complain of the two octaves of semitones.—The characters of the three songs were so different, that the introduction of the cadence could only be proper in one of them. Her performance this evening confirms us in our opinion that the boards of the Opera-house are best calculated for the display of her talents.

Mr. Braham, in the admirable Recitative "Deeper and deeper still," was impassioned and pathetic. We shall say of his singing, what Milton says of Eve—it is "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most." We wish he had continued in the same style through the Air, "Waft her, Angels, to the skies;"— but no—that was impossible; and we were obliged to endure Handel *masqueraded* by Mr. Braham. When will good sense prevail over false taste?—In "The last Words of Marmion" he was *very powerful.* This Song admits of a great deal of noise, except in the part where the minor is passingly introduced, which, by the bye, is the only passage we admire in the composition.— Mr. Braham seemed anxious to convince the audience that he could perform the chro-

matic cadence as well as Madame Catalani, for he also gave it no less than three times in the course of the evening.

Mrs. Bland sang Dr. Arne's "Hymn of Eve" very sweetly; but she is occasionally too sharp.—Mr. Bellamy sang "Shall I in Mamre's fertile Plains," and "Tears such as tender Fathers shed," in a very chaste and manly style: but we think it was very injudicious to give him two songs which resemble each other so much, being in the same key, time, and style.—Mr. W. Taylor has a good, powerful voice, but it wants cultivation.

Mr. G. Ashley performed the Violin Obligato to Avison's Fourth Concerto with great neatness and precision: but we wish he had adhered more closely to the original notes in the last movement. He likewise introduced the shake too often, in leading into the *tutti* part. The first movement was omitted altogether, which occasioned the commencement of the fugue to appear abrupt. Bach's Concertante in G, for the Oboe, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, was very ably performed by Messrs. Griesbach, G. Ashley, Challoner, and C. Ashley.

THEATRICALS.

Covent Garden, and Lyceum Theatres.

THE fate which we predicted has already befallen the FREE KNIGHTS. The gorgeous superstructure raised by the managers the foundation laid by Mr. Reynolds was too weak to support: already has it given way; and the splendid fabric, erected with such labour and profuse expense, is now a mere ruin. That the managers will become wiser, and adopt a different conduct with regard to the pieces which are offered to their acceptance, we have no reason to hope. They have no doubt motives for persevering in the system which they have so long continued. The public must still be insulted by the impotent drivelling and miserable puerilities of those leaden-witted workmen whom the managers have taken into their employ; and the British drama must still drag on a hopeless existence, in the nerveless, contemptible state to which it has been reduced by managerial quackery. Under such auspices the dignity of the national genius will never be vindicated. When their own interest fails to persuade them to change their system, no hope remains. Be their own folly their punishment.

We have to notice at the LYCEUM the production of a musical farce, entitled HIT OR MISS. To give any sketch of its plot we will not attempt, since we do not affect to execute impossibilities; we must question indeed if the writer thought any design necessary before he set about the work; and yet we apprehend, if he had intended to paint a picture, (for we understand the author is Mr. Pocock, the artist), he would have found it useful to have studied a little the grouping of his figures, the diposition of his lights, and, indeed, the general composition, before he began to lay his colours on canvas. If he does not do this, but goes to work at random, we need not be surprised that he paints no better than he writes. It is very probable, however, that he may prepare a sketch for painting, and yet think it unnecessary for writing; for men of genius, such as this writer, and his friend and brother artist, the manager, (Mr. Arnold) no boubt consider scribbling a play, an opera, or a farce—a light relaxation from the severer labour of the pallet. They are indeed *Arcades ambo, et cantare pares.*

But to the farce. The characters are a suspicious old father, who of course is a very great fool; his cousin, an old maid, intended we believe for a satire upon sentimental

novel readers; the design good, no doubt, but not new, and its very feeble execution, therefore, less excusable; a daughter to the old man, positively the least interesting young lady we ever saw, who does nothing but sing very sadly a very silly song. Then there is a young man, a lover of the aforesaid young lady, who is called Mr. Jumble; and why, Mr. Jumble? why, because the old father, who intends the aforesaid young lady for somebody else, when he is told that the said "Mr. *Jumble* is coming up stairs," may have the opportunity of crying out, "then pray *Jumble* him down again;" which is being witty at a very easy rate. Then Mr. Jumble is the editor of a country newspaper, for the mere convenience of introducing, in a natural and propable manner, some cross readings, which the good people, who frequent this theatre, must laugh at, because they have been so long accustomed to laugh at them, when they have heard them read out of the Encyclopœdia of Wit, or the works of the ingenious Mr. Ballantyne. To refuse, therefore, to receive them here, with the welcome of a hearty horse laugh, would be treating old friends with unkindness. As soon as this great object is obtained, we hear no more of Mr. Jumble's editorship, but see him assume the disguise of a wounded soldier, then a servant, and last of a member of the Four-in-Hand, for what purpose we know not, except to ascertain the extent of the LYCEUM wardrobe. The father, however, it seems, is so well pleased with being made a fool of by Mr. Jumble, that he gives him at last his daughter. Besides these, there is a countryman, well played by Knight; and there are two characters personated by Johnstone and Mrs. Bland, introduced, no doubt, for the purpose of leading the public to expect a rich treat in the Hibernian humour of Johnstone, and the simple ballad strains of Mrs. Bland. But, unluckily, Mrs. Bland has nothing but a fal lal la kind of jig tune to sing, in which her voice is entirely overpowered by a harsh, tasteless accompaniment; and the Irishman talks of nothing but the bravery and the hospitality of his countrymen, and the high favor in which they are held by the ladies. He has two songs, indeed, to sing: one about "the shamrock, the rose, and the thistle," with which John Bull of course is pleased, as it flatters his national vanity; the other was a song of a coquet, beginning,

In Cork lived Miss Molly O'Rig,
With a nose like the snout of a pig;
Long carrotty locks,
And ten pound in the stocks,
Was the fortune of Molly O'Rig;
O beautiful Molly O'Rig!

and at this too John Bull laughs, because it ridicules personal deformity.

There is, however, one character introduced, which we are glad to see exposed to the ridicule of the stage: we could have wished that the abilites of the writer had successfully seconded his intention: we mean the member of the FOUR-IN-HAND, admirably dressed, and personated by Mathews. The part is as stupid as can well be imagined; but, perhaps, in this respect, it may be considered as a more perfect copy of the original. The song in character is a feeble imitation of the admirable Mail-coach song which Matthews has introduced with so much effect in various pieces; but his excellent imitations made it pass off with applause.

We would willingly present to our readers some specimens of the wit of this farce, but we vainly endeavour to recollect any. The songs are set to what is called music, by a Mr. C. Smith, but our ears could discover no music in his strange composition. It had neither spirit, taste, character, or novelty.

In the whole course of his management Mr. Arnold has pleased us in nothing so much as in the revival of the HYPOCRITE. This admirable exposure of the villainy of Methodism is, at this time, particularly desirable; and even were it not become a matter of serious importance to attack, by all awful means, the detestable spirit of grovelling fanaticism and sanctified villainy which now disgrace this country, this play should be restored, to display the judgment and

powers of DOWTON, who in his personation of CANTWELL embodies the very soul of Methodism.

Critique on the Maniac, or the Swiss Banditti.—Lyceum.

If the advocates for a new theatre were in want of additional argument against the baneful influence of theatrical monopoly, the conduct of those who are called the *managers* of the two winter companies will afford them an ample text. This applies more particularly to the Lyceum, where the *manager* is also employed in the capacity of *play-wright*, and has of course a strong temptation to neglect the ripe and natural fruits of genius, in order to keep the market open for the crude and unconcocted produce of his own dramatic crab-tree: in short, unless he pilfers a few windfalls from some Parnassian orchard, he is not likely to present any of his neighbour's sound fruit at his *master's table*, whilst he has any unripe codlins in his own basket.

When we reflect on the bright glow of the dramatic morn in the early dawn of the last century, have we not a right to expect the same in the present?—or must we suppose that the day is past, that the sun of literature is set,—sunk for ever beyond the western hills; and that a long night of intellectual darkness has drawn its gloomy veil around, unillumed even by the twilight of departed genius, and undisturbed, save by the glare and lucid corruscations of some theatric will-o'-the-whisp, the offspring of dark vapours or foul Lethe's banks, whose eccentric glimmerings dazzle but to bewilder, and *mislead* but to *destroy*?—But then it is the *manager's own* child, and therefore the bantling, decked out in all the gaudy finery of the histrionic gossips, is to be handed round for public approbation—Lord! what a sweet babe! how *finely* it is *dressed!* how *charmingly* it *squalls!* &c. &c.

Must we indeed suppose, that the *thing* offered to the public on Tuesday night was the *very best* on the shelf? or is it left for us to imagine that ———. To attempt a straight-forward criticism on this *serio comic*, or comically serious *Opera*, would be (in humble imitation of Mr. Arnold's *new-made* puns) to "Whistle jigs to a milestone;" yet there is no doubt that it possesses some of the Aristotelian requisites in a perfect piece. In the *first* place, it had a beginning—in the next, we presume it had a *middle*, because the door-keepers marked *that* dramatic period *by the half price*—we were, however, notwithstanding, rather doubtful whether it would have an *end* or not, unless the audience had kindly put one to it, or that the natural expenditure of the lights had rendered an *adjournment* necessary. But even this would have been of little avail, as the audience were kept in the dark during the greatest part of the performance; and, as far as we could *see*, any plot which it possessed would have been as visible in the dark, as under the effect of the most brilliant illumination. Nay, its greatest attraction, its *sweetest charm*, would then have shed its influence o'er the soul, and he who could live upon *sounds* would have been *undisgusted* by the affected grimances of the female choristers, or the absurd extravaganza of a set of *he* fellows chanting their *sol fas* with shouldered muskets and black spatterdashes.

We have neglected, however, to introduce this stranger to our readers by name: but really it is so *fashionable* now to have an *alias*, that we know not whether to present it by its first, of "Lauretta, or Love in Switzerland;" or by that under which it was arranged in court, of "The Maniac; or the Swiss Banditti." It might, however, have been as aptly called, "The *She Octavian*, or the *Chorus Opera*, in which a *new* performer is introduced," as we actually had a duet between Mr. Phillips and a *thunder storm!* and as to the *chorusses*, they reminded us of Dame Margery's damask table-cloth, where King Charles is represented in the royal oak, with more *wig* than *leaves*; *they* occupy, indeed, the greatest portion of the performance.

An old Swiss gentleman has two daughters, each of whom, of course, has a lover. Montalbert, the inamorato of the youngest,

obliged to join his regiment, leaves them both under the protection of his friend, Henry Cleveland, who seduces the eldest, *Lauretta*, to elope with him. Shortly after, *Rupert*, the old gentleman, being ruined by treacherous friendship, retires to a romantic villa, attended by his youngest, *Claribel*. The story of his ruin and *death* reaches the ears of Lauretta, who, conscience-stricken, becomes a maniac, and flies from her lover to the woods and wilds. He, in the search after her, is made prisoner by banditti, from whom he does not escape until after some months' imprisonment; whilst she wanders among the peasantry, or weeps over her misery in the recesses of a ruined abbey, attended by Hubert, a faithful servant of Montalbert, who, under the affectation of madness, contrives to sustain and protect her. The banditti are commanded by Augustine, Montalbert's brother, who, from a rivalship for the heart of Claribel, plots his brother's death, and then flies for refuge to the forest. His love for her is turned to loathing, yet from a spirit of horrid revenge he causes her to be seized by his gang: but the return of Montalbert and of Cleveland produces her liberation, and the recovery of Lauretta, when, as old stories tells us—"every thing ends happily." In addition to this, there are several episodes, and many digressions; but these we shall leave where we found them.

The curtain rises to soft music, and discovers a set of banditti, who having nothing else to steal, are stealing themselves away into the inmost recesses of the forest, to escape detection: yet such is the effect of habit, that these jolly dogs must have a song. Now whether the *song* was part of the *plunder*, or not, we will not pretend to say, for they were so much afraid of being overheard, that we could not distinguish the words. We strongly suspect, however, that if they had been cross-questioned, they could not have proved that they came fairly by the *tune*. From this scene of musical robbery we are called by the entrance of Dory a fisherman, and Henry Cleveland. As for Mr. Dory, his *name* and *character* are assumed, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Matthews, together with a long string of Mr. Arnold's puns, which Mr. Dory heaves out with as much *sang froid* as if he was baling his boat after shipping a heavy sea. The scene changes, and all the fishermen of the lake come to Dory's door, and sing a song in order to awake him. This, however, loses its effect, for Dory is gone; and indeed the song would have been but a poor recompence for breaking his morning nap. The scene still continues, when soft music " above, around, and underneath," prepares the audience for something very wonderful. Indeed, from Dory's long stories about *merrymaids* amongst the rocks, and ghosts and hobgoblins among the ruins, the audience sat for some minutes with mouths open and ears erect, when "*parturiunt montes!*" out jumps Mrs. Bishop!—In short, this slow movement was nothing more than the composer's overture to his wife's song. We admire the " human form divine," but we are not partial to a *bold outline*; we think it not impossible to preserve a correct costume, and at the same time to preserve an appearance of——but let that pass—"*qui capit,*" &c.

Yet notwithstanding all this, unqualified censure would be as unfair as injudicious.—We must acknowledge that in some parts the stage effect is well and appropriately attended to. Mrs. Mountain, in her dress and delineation of the frail fair one, gave the character all the interest it was capable of possessing. Her songs are introduced with great judgment, and with her melting strains would alone have been sufficient to have saved it from that damnation with which it was more than once threatened.

The scenery is peculiarly elegant, and is in part actually copied from Swiss landscape. We never recollect witnessing a finer effect than that of the ruined abbey, when Lauretta is first discovered; yet there is a poverty in the treasury, or a poverty of taste and judgment, in the adoption of the scenery, otherwise we should not have the hoary snow-crowned Alps in the back scene, while the palm trees and plantain trees of tropical regions are wantoning in full luxuriance in the fore-ground. Nay, in some of the side

scenes we have the palm tree and larch entwined together—an idea as absurd as an ice-cream in a baker's oven!

As to the dresses, they were all very fine, but some of them were rather unintelligible, particularly an affectation of the Swiss costume, adopted by Mr. Raymond, whose three-pronged helmet, though copied correctly from specimens in the "*Voyages Pittoresques*," did not assimilate with the rest of his dress. With all its defects, this piece may live its nine nights, if Mr. Arnold will curtail it, by expunging his puns and proverbs, and some other lumber; perhaps the dramatizing of a few scriptual texts might also be dispensed with, unless indeed these were the "mark of the beasts," the *sign* or the *seal* set upon it to secure the godly acquiescence of the *lincencer*. Since Theodore Hook's affair, it seems indeed as if our play-wrights, in their recurrence to juvenile studies, had not only turned over the leaves of Mother Bunch, but of the Bible also. We must deprecate however this affectation of sanctity; its theory accords but ill with the *practice* in the lobby and in the upper boxes.——It is the business of the stage to impress moral principles, by the actions which it exhibits: but to dispense religion from the mouth of an actor, or even from the lips of a pretty actress, is to degrade it. If this practice should obtain at our theatres, we shall expect to hear that some popular Methodist preacher is engaged, to treat the audience with a sermon by way of interlude. We give Mr. Arnold credit for selecting so excellent a composer as Mr. Bishop, whose cork-jacket seems to have saved Mr. A's. heavy fishermen from sinking. If we were to estimate the music of this opera by a comparison with the *Circassian Bride*, and other productions of Mr. Bishop, we should say, it neither added a wreath to his fame, or even supported his former character. A young composer is usually led away by the warmth of his imagination, and the exuberance of his fancy; but the incorrectness of his early judgment is compensated by the fire and brilliancy of particular passages, which indicate original genius. When his eccentricities are corrected by his maturer judgment, the man of taste and science is usually better pleased with his productions; but we are sorry to observe, that the *Mansac* produces no such effect: we are ready indeed to admit that we find an excuse for Mr. Bishop in the paucity of ideas and the poverty of language which distinguish this opera. The overture consists of three movements: an *adagio* in E minor, an *allegro* and march in E major; the latter is introduced again and again in the course of the opera; it is excellent in itself, but too often repeated. The key E 4 sharps, is certainly brilliant and well chosen; it is one of the finest keys; but surely it was injudicious to have made so frequent use of it—not only in the overture, but in so many of the songs and chorusses also. To the musical amatuer the chorusses were by far the most interesting part of the music, as they afforded Mr. B. an opportunity of displaying his great science and knowledge of effect; but to the audience they would appear tedious and uninteresting. The best song is allotted to Mr. Phillips, in which, as we have observed, he is accompanied by a thunder storm, in the way of symphony. We cannot compliment Mr. Phillips upon his performance in this, or in any other part of the opera.

We observe Mr. Arnold has introduced a new way of puffing the performance, upon the spot too; for we are told that the warblings of the Mania were so pathetic, as to dissolve the peasants into tears; but the audience seemed to possess more *adamantine* hearts than these mountaineers. Indeed we could discover nothing so peculiar and impressive as to justify these extraordinary effects. They are pretty and plaintive, *but that is all*. There is only one trio, which is called a glee; and all the duets are of the *fal lal* kind; but this is no fault of the composer. We regret the circumstance, however, because, from the specimens Mr. B. has given us in the duets, "I love thee," and "Welcome despair," we entertain no doubt, if we had been afforded the opportunity, he would, at once, have evinced his own superior talents, and proportionally increased the gratification of the audience. The accompaniments are all of a very

masterly description, and received ample justice from the orchestra: the clarionet, indeed, failed to produce a good effect; but this is, perhaps, owing to the music being written in a sharp key, which is unfavourable to the genius of the last instrument. The drums too were very *tubby*; what little tone there was, being nearly a whole note too flat: this should be corrected.] Upon the whole, we cannot but express some disappointment at the music of this opera; yet, when compared with the productions of other operatical composers, it necessarily rises in our estimation. When Mr. Bishop is again called upon to exercise his abilities, we hope he will be furnished with subjects more worthy of them—"with thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

MR. JOHN FAWCETT was born in London about 1769. He was intended for business, sent to St. Paul's school, and afterwards bound apprentice by his father (who was a performer much respected for talents and integrity in Garrick's days) to a tradesman in the city. Ambitious to tread in his father's steps, he eloped from his master, and immediately joined an itinerant company under the assumed name of Foote. His first appearance was at Margate, in Courtall, in *The Belle's Stratagem.* Having met with encouragement at this place, he went to Tunbridge, where he attracted the notice of Mr. Cumberland the dramatist, and was particularly favoured by Lord Abingdon, who gave him some instructions in music. He was afterwards engaged at York, where he played three characters in tragedy, Oroonoko, Romeo, and Douglas. But when Mr. Knight left the company, he made a positive stipulation that he should never be obliged to perform a tragic character again. He now married Mrs. Mills, then recently become a widow; and his fame in low comedy having reached London, he received for himself and wife a liberal offer from Mr. Harris, and he made a successful appearance in 1791, at Covent Garden, in Caleb, in *He would be a Soldier.* The part which brought him into notice was Count Friponi, in Bate Dudley's Opera of *The Travellers in Switzerland.* In two or three succeeding seasons his progress in his professional duties was extremely rapid. On Mr. Bannister's leaving the Little Theatre, Haymarket, in 1795, he recommended Mr. Fawcett to Mr. Colman as the only person likely to sustain, with any credit, that variety of characters in which Mr. Bannister had so long distinguished himself. Each night added laurels to his brow, and at length Mr. Colman appointed him acting manager of the theatre. This situation he held with credit to himself, and advantage to the Treasury, till 1803, when the proprietor determined to open, at the stated time of his patent, with a company independent of the winter theatres. Mr. Fawcett has acted a good deal at the summer theatres since that period. Within these few years he has brought out several excellent pantomimes, "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack," "Perouse, or the Desolate Island," "Brazen Mask, or Alberto and Rosalie," "Faries' Revels, or Love in the Island," and "The Enchanted Island," founded on Shakespear's Tempest.

This gentleman is an actor of great original merit; and whether his characters be ancient or modern, his style of playing is peculiar to himself. It is asserted he never saw Edwin perform, but he certainly represents the characters of that comedian in the first style of excellence, and without the least resemblance to the manner of Edwin.

Fawcett's *Lingo* is as good a piece of acting as we have on the stage. Pangloss is

Panoramic Perspective.

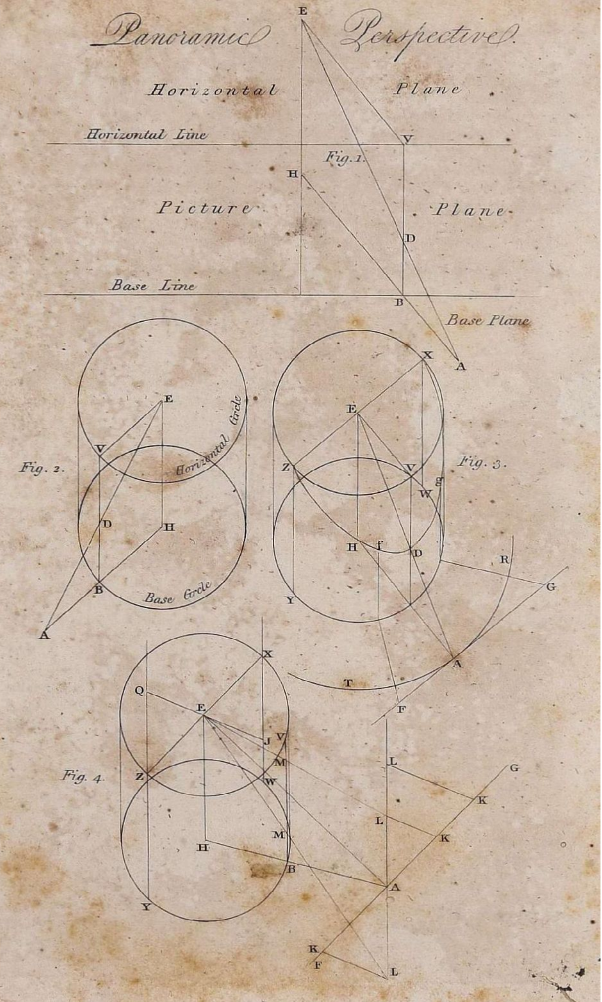

Plate 2nd

For NOBLE'S translation of ARATUS.

Plate III.

Noble delin.

The Three Summer Signs of the Zodiac.

a character as finely drawn as any in the whole range of the drama. Indeed the whole of his acting is as near perfection as the efforts of human art can possibly reach.

The physical properties of this gentleman are highly advantagous to the parts he performs, which, though in no way singular or disagreeable as a private gentleman, make a very effective figure, either as a Countryman, Pedant, Old Man, Quaker, or Jew, &c. His voice too has an agreeable harshness, which well accords with the whimsical sentiments of the comic muse, without lessening the force of a pathetic passage.

There is no one in whose possession a bad part is so safe as in his. He can bustle through it, and keep up the interest of the other characters, while he supports his own part with the most powerful ability. When he assumed, for the first time, the character of Lord Ogleby, the general impression was, that the character had died with Mr. King. First impressions we are very ready to allow are not easily removed; and if it were possible for Mr. Fawcett to perform it better than the late celebrated comedian, the old amateurs of acting would only praise Fawcett in qualified terms, while the deceased comedian would be extolled in language of the highest panegyric: but we will venture to observe, after having seen them both in the above character, that King never played the part better than Fawcett.

His first wife, Mrs. Mills, died in 1797, leaving a daughter. He has since married Miss Gawdry, a very pretty and agreeable woman, by whom he has a young family.

As a private individual Mr. Fawcett preserves the dignity of a gentleman. No traits of his profession are to be discovered in his conversation. His private pursuits are said to be of an agricultural nature, which he turns to practical advantage at his farm near Hendon.

COSTUME for March 1810.

Among the fashionable dresses which are selected by persons who are distinguished in the highest circles for their superior taste, the most prevailing is the Persian Robe, made of pink satin, ornamented with black lace and drops of pearls, with a drapery or dress to wear over it.

Another dress much admired, distinguished by the appellation of the Campbell Frock, composed of white Italian crape, trimmed with silver, with a drapery a La Poysonne. This is a very beautiful and elegant dress.

Tippets of lace, and Campbell aprons, made of crape and white satin, trimmed with handsome Mecklin or Brussels lace, are very much worn by the Ladies of high fashion.

The most fashionable head dress is the Persian Cap, composed of the same materials as the dress. Gold and siver Net Caps are also very fashionable, as are Tiara and Bandeaus of silver.

The morning dresses are still made up to the neck, with a robe or jacket to wear over them, either trimmed with work or lace introduced in the front, sleeves, bottom, &c. made of rich sprigged, spotted, and fine cambric.

The most fashionable Walking Costume is a straw or chip Gypsey Hat, with feathers to correspond, with a Mantle or Pelisse made of pink, pea-green, or jonquil, in rich figured or double sarsnet.

The Foundling Cottage is also worn in straw and satin, with flowers.

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT OF DISEASES

IN THE PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN TO A PUBLIC MEDICAL INSTITUTION, FROM THE 20TH OF FEBRUARY TO THE 20TH OF MARCH 1810.

ACUTE DISEASES.

Variola	3
Pertussis	4
Synochus	1
Catarrhus	10
Erysipelas	1
Urticaria	1
Cholera	1
Rheumatismus Acutus	3
Morbi Infantiles	7

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Phthisis Pulmonalis	2
Marasmus	1
Scrofula	1
Asthenia	10
Tussis et Dyspnæa	33
Pleurodyne	4
Rheumatismus Chronicus	11
——— Arthriticus	3
Lumbago et Sciatica	4
Cephalalgia et Vertigo	3
Hemplegia	1
Epilepsia	1
Chorea Sancti Viti	1
Hysteria	2
Spasmus	1
Cordis Palpitatio	1
Dyspepsia	5
Colica	2
Gastrodynia	6
Icterus	1
Dysenteria	2
Diarrhæa	4
Hæmatemesis	2
Hæmaturia	1
Hæmorrhoides	3
Anasarca	2
Ascites	1
Hydrothorax	1
Opthalmia C.	2
Apthæ	1
Ascarides	2
Amenorrhœa	4
Leucorrhœa	2
Menorrhagia	2

The diseases which occurred to our notice during the last month, were very similar in character to those of the preceding one.—Pulmonary affections, indeed, have diminished in number, and have been milder in their symptoms. This may be chiefly attributed to the fine weather which we have lately experienced. As we witness, during a few days of sunshine, the spring flowers bud, and Nature assume a gay aspect, when the east wind suddenly blows, the delightful prospect is blighted: so we may yet fear that the present flattering appearance of our pulmonic patients will be disturbed by the cold winds, and keen night frosts, which are so frequent at this season of the year. Those persons, especially, who are subject to colds on the slightest variations of weather, should be cautious not to be deceived into a false security, and cast off too early their fleecy hosiery and warm wrappers. The season of safety for them is not yet arrived.

Small-pox is beginning to spread in some districts, and threatens to be very general amongst the lower classes of society, whose prejudices against vaccine inoculation have been excited by the vilest and most contemptible means.—Hooping-Cough has also appeared in many families.

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